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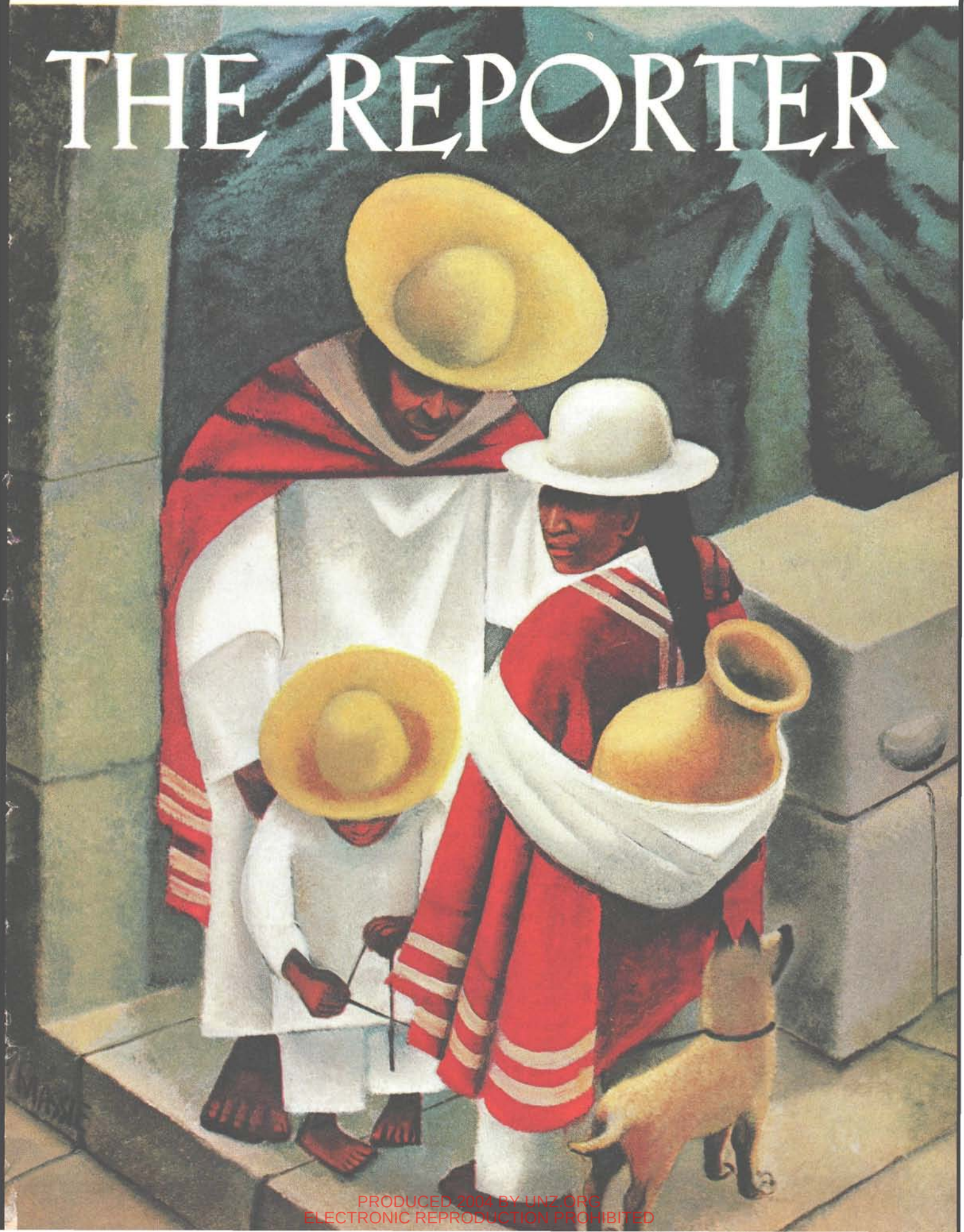

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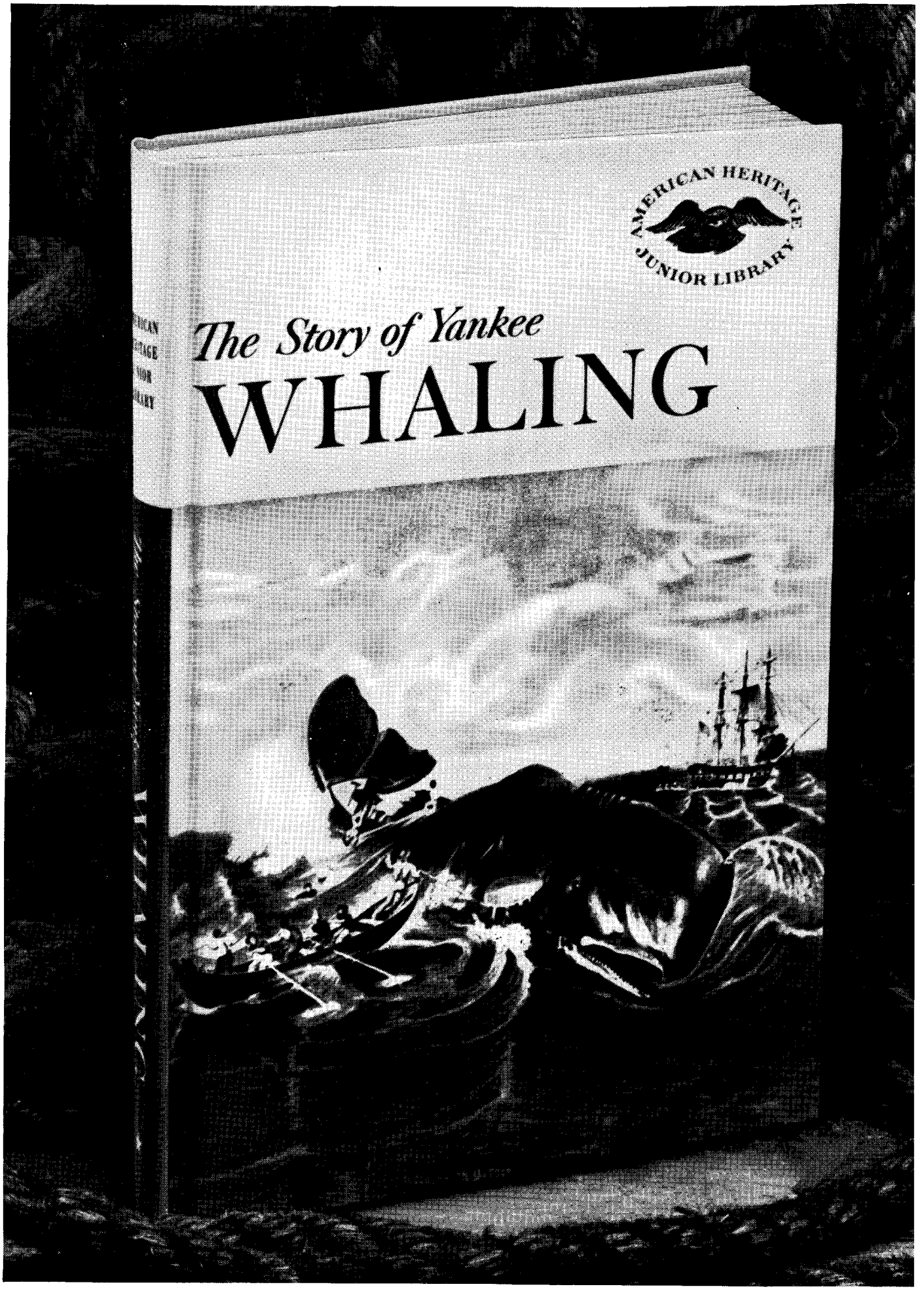

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Our New Ally

Having known for some time that a sense of humor is among the highest expressions of intelligence, we were pleased to learn that the bottle-nosed dolphin, one of the funniest chaps we've ever met, is probably a good deal smarter than most human beings. Dr. John C. Lilly, who is doing some research for the Navy, has found that dolphins not only talk to each other but occasionally drop a companionable remark in English to the scientists who are studying them. Dr. Lilly says he wouldn't be a bit surprised if fairly high-level conversations were to take place before long as men discover more about the dolphins' language. (They'll probably master the subjunctive before we learn to whistle under water.)

Now before any more time and money are wasted on electronic devices to find out if anybody is trying to get a message through to us from another planet, the government should throw all its best minds into a crash program to get through to the dolphins. Nobody says you have to want your sister to marry a dolphin, but the old idea that the dolphin is nothing but a good-natured, happy-go-lucky clown who's all right as long as he knows his place is shortsighted indeed in this age of rising expectations.

We all have to learn to live on this troubled world together, and the dolphins could certainly be very useful to us in negotiating with their bad-mannered relative, the killer whale. Even with their help, of course, we'll need someone who can stand up to that bloodthirsty tyrant and talk tough. Fortunately, we've got just the man for the job: Richard M. Nixon.

After Tokyo What?

Given the fact that the United States is still somewhat new at this complicated business of being a major world power, perhaps we should consider ourselves lucky that we haven't fallen on our faces more often than we have. And yet after fifteen hard years of on-the-job training, you'd think that we would have managed to overcome more of our youthful shyness and uncertainty about the facts of life. Our diplomats reflect the national traits—and this is no compliment for practitioners of a very old profession.

Feeling flattered but more than a little flustered to find ourselves at the head of the table at the close of the Second World War, we craved the support of friends. It was a shock to discover as we took up our new and still unfamiliar responsibilities around the world that in some areas we actually had enemies, ruthless ones at that. In our insecurity we were too often willing to take our friends where we could find them on just about any terms. Declarations of anti-Communism were all the dues we asked for full membership in what we called the Free World.

The Russians, too, are comparative newcomers to world leadership, and they too have made mistakes—on the whole, worse than ours—from the defenestration of Prague back in 1948 to Khrushchev's binges of vituperation in 1960. But much as they resent the genuine respect we have earned, they have invariably sought to be powerful rather than popular. Unfortunately, our efforts to be popular have often failed, and it has taken us a long time to begin to understand that the tough-minded use of power is often just as necessary in helping people

JUNE 30

"Does it come wrapped in paper and do we go to the bank and get it? Lulua tribesmen asked an American missionary . . . Independence is not easily grasped by the Congolese."
—Homer Bigart in the New York Times.

Bongo, bongo, drums of the Congo,
Come to the Great Unwrapping—
Tear off the paper and pull off the string,
Open it up and grasp the Thing,
Shiny freedom and golden ease,
Raise your head and do as you please,
Yours to have and yours to hold,
Never more doing as you've been told,
A little more beer, a little more salt,
Game for the killing and none to halt.

Bongo, bongo, drums of the Congo,
Open the package with care—
Trial and trouble are wrapped in there,
And the hasty grab of the hidden crown
Can summon the evil spirits down:
Kindred bathed in the blood of blame,
Meat today, but the end of game,
Famine after the sudden fill,
And liberty still beyond the hill.

—SEC

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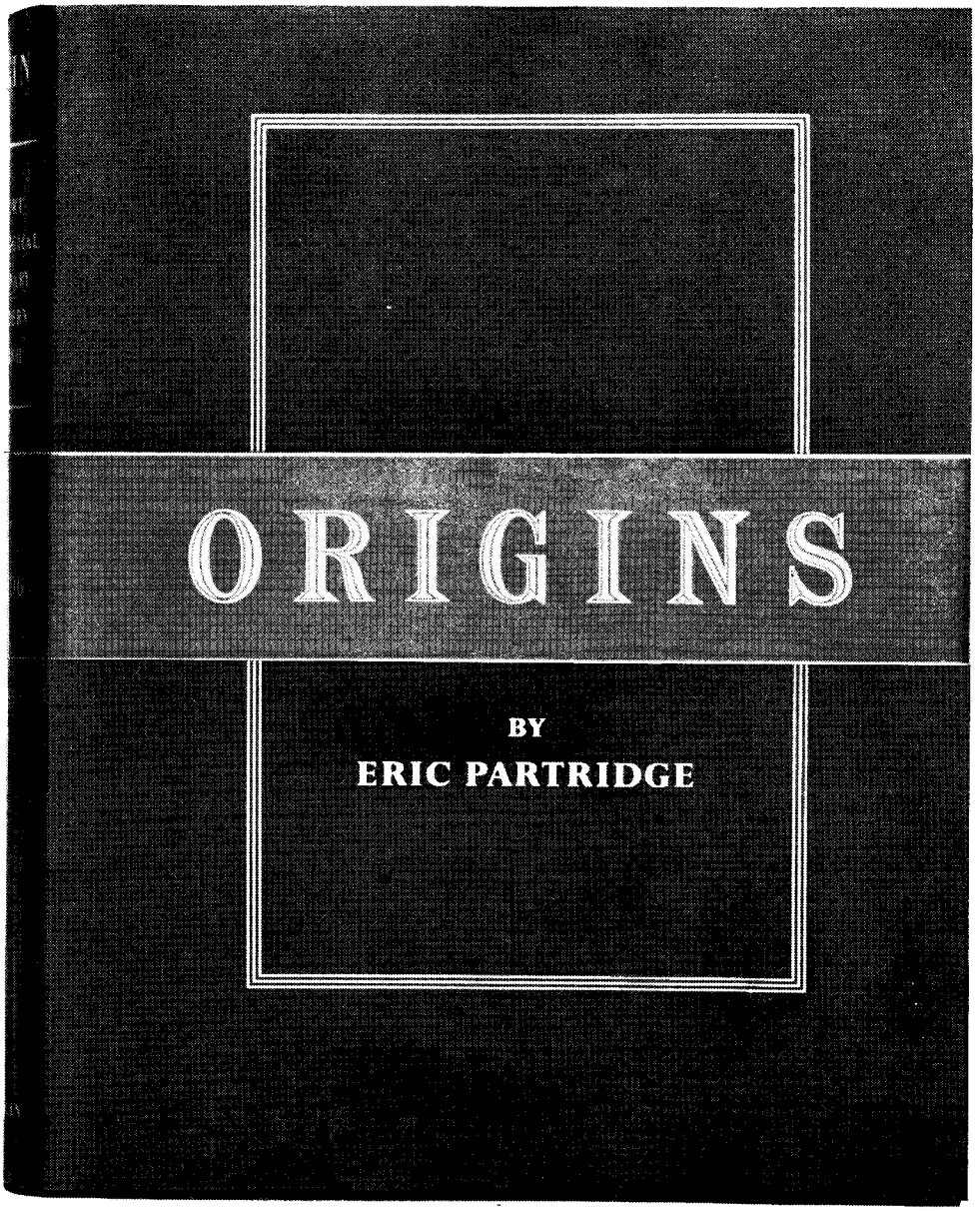

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as it is in doing them harm.

A number of recent events—in Seoul, in Ankara, in Tokyo, and we wish the list could end there—have made it impossible for us to ignore any longer the dangerous error of our uncritical attitude toward just about any government that is willing to sign on the dotted line as a military ally against international Communism. The enemies of our enemies are *not* always our friends—they frequently aren't even very effective anti-Communists—and we can't afford to wait for an explosion to find it out. All too often the American ambassador in the capital of one of our allies behaves as if he were a minister without portfolio in the existing government. Betting all our money on the status quo, U.S. embassies have not seen fit to maintain discreet contacts with political groups that are out of power. Any change in the status quo always catches us by surprise.

Many liberals in this country are fond of preaching that we should never attach a price tag to the assistance and support we give to foreign nations. But why in heaven's name shouldn't we attach a price tag, provided the price we ask is better government and better living standards for the people whose friendship we want? Oh, but that would be interference in the domestic affairs of a sovereign state, anxious voices chime in. The fact is that unless we decide to abdicate the responsibilities that have devolved upon us in the past fifteen years—and you know who takes over then!—a certain amount of interference is inevitable. We must be tough enough to make sure that it is the sort of interference that strengthens our constituency in a foreign country.

Private Eye

We are certainly open-minded on the question of extrasensory perception, but we do believe that it is stretching things when a government psychiatrist calls on telepathy to investigate a murder case.

It happened recently in Washington. The psychiatrist, Dr. F. Regis Riesenman of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, brought to town a Dutchman named Peter Herkos who claims to be able to pick up brain waves, an ability acquired after he fell off a ladder some years ago while pursuing his regular trade of house painter. Dr. Riesenman took Herkos to the nearby Virginia scene of an unsolved murder that occurred a year and a half ago. He explained, "Because the police seemed stymied in their investigation, I felt it was time to call in a man of Herko's caliber."

In short order, Herkos formed a "mental picture" of the killer's face and his place of residence. From the description, policemen recalled a suspect questioned last year. They

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"A judge granted probation today to two policemen who admitted looting an appliance store. He said he did not think policemen made enough money to raise families. Criminal court judge Leslie E. Salter . . . also said the policemen were 'engaged in free enterprise' because they were off duty when the theft occurred."—New York Times.

It's all a matter of what you make,
It's all a matter of pay,
If you haven't enough
You steal the stuff
And the law will look away.

It's all a matter of how you think,
A matter of how you feel,
Whether a man's a low-paid cop
Or simply a low-grade heel.

—SEC

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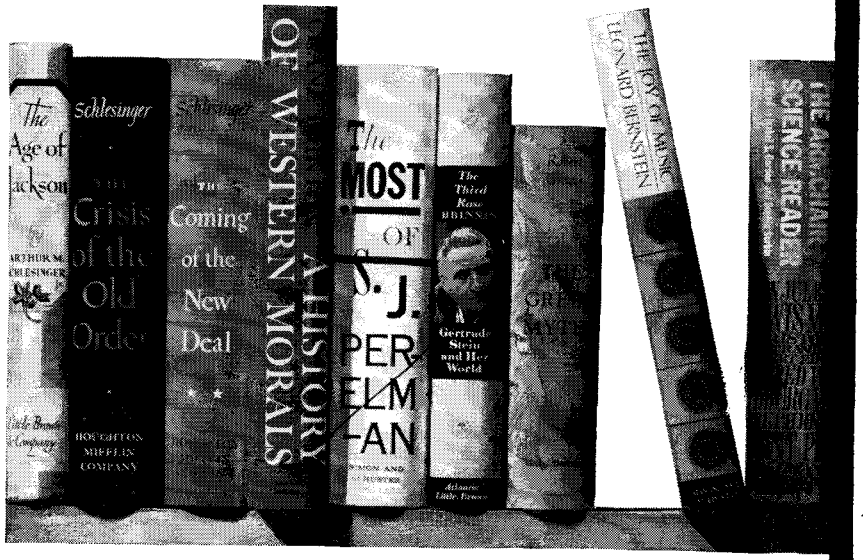
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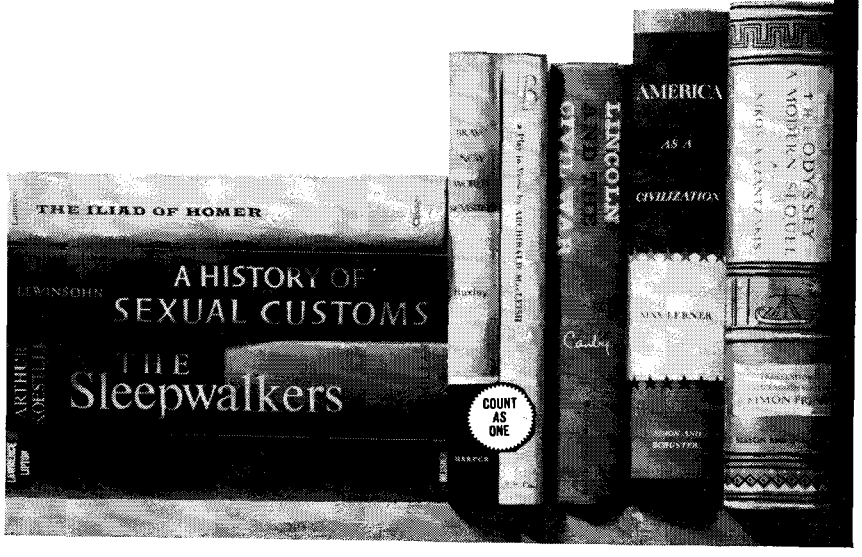

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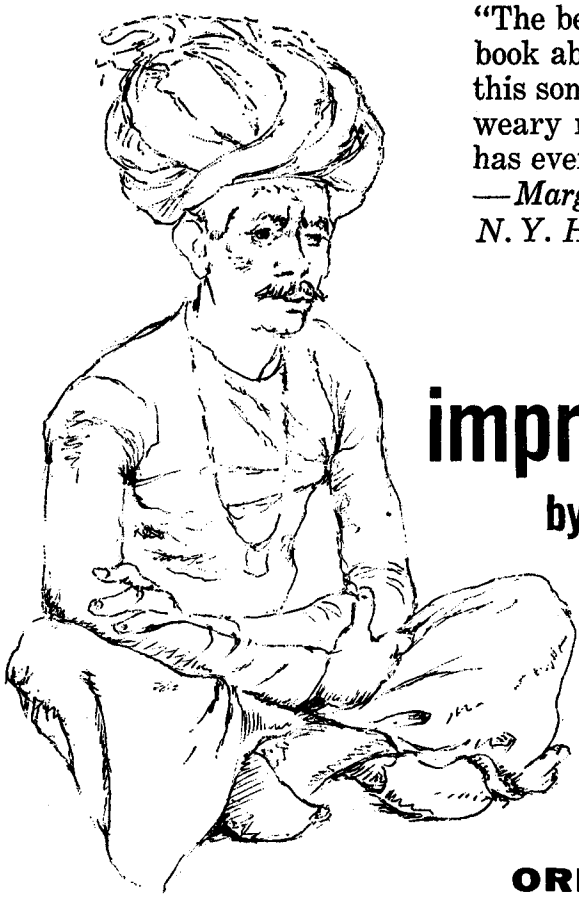

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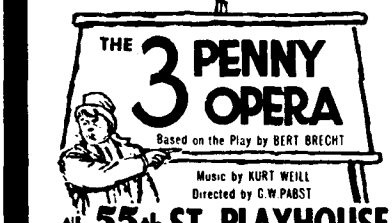

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went to the suspect's house in Vienna, Virginia. "Sure enough," according to Dr. Riesenman, "here was the same picture Peter Herkos saw." When Herkos was brought face to face with the suspect's wife, he reminded her of beatings she had received from her husband. "I can't lie to this man," the ever-present Dr. Riesenman quotes her. "He knows everything . . . just like God." She was persuaded to request her husband's confinement as insane.

"The man said he didn't kill the Jacksons," Riesenman has reported, "but when I pointed out his amnesia episodes he said, 'I can't be sure.'" Without further ado, a Fairfax (Virginia) County judge convened a lunacy commission, including Dr. Riesenman, at 1:45 A.M. on June 10. The suspect was committed to the state hospital for the criminally insane. Since then, the distraught wife has had second thoughts and attempted to have the commitment rescinded. But so far the Fairfax County authorities have managed to postpone a court hearing on the man's mental condition.

Dr. Riesenman now describes Herkos as "the greatest man in the world." At any rate, nobody so far has accused *him* of being batty.

These Things Were Said

¶ It [the U-2 incident] will make people think more about the possibility of World War III and the serious fallout which may accompany it. . . . Investors will seek the stocks of companies which have their assets well distributed over the United States, in place of those concentrated in large cities. This is a matter which should be taken up immediately with your investment counselor.—*Roger Babson in the Goshen, Indiana, News.*

¶ Every time I hear reference made to our rockets and missiles named Thor, Jupiter, Atlas, etc., I think how strange it is that we have named these weapons after those pagan gods. . . . I propose that, in order to prove to one and all where our faith lies, we should begin to name new rockets and missiles not after the pagan gods but after the heroes and saints of the Christian religion. —*Letter signed "Concerned" to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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LONDON CROWDS PROTEST H-BOMB

75,000 Fill Trafalgar Square Demanding Unilateral Disarming*

**On Tuesday, April 19, 1960 this headline appeared on the front pages of newspapers around the world.*

On March 16, 1959 WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS published the American edition of THE FEARFUL CHOICE: *A Debate on Nuclear Policy*[1], conducted by Philip Toynbee. This small book was published in Great Britain by Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

The issues which culminated in THE FEARFUL CHOICE and the rally were no less significant a year ago than they were on April 19, 1960. Canon John Collins, a speaker at the "Ban the Bomb" rally in London, is a contributor to Mr. Toynbee's book.

"Part I of this pamphlet [an essay titled "Thoughts on Nuclear Warfare and a Policy to Avoid It"] was written towards the end of December, 1957, and sent out to some seventy-five people. The recipients were chosen on no particular principle—most were well-known public figures, others were personal friends of mine and a few were both. . . .

"Part II of the pamphlet consists of twenty-two comments on my original paper, printed in approximate order of disagreement; and in Part III I try to offer some further reflections in the light of these comments."—From Mr. Toynbee's Preface.

The contributors to the debate are:
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The Bishop of Chichester
Kingsley Amis
Professor A. J. Ayer
Alan Bullock
Canon John Collins
John Davy
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CORRESPONDENCE

A CUP OF COFFEE

To the Editor: Harold C. Fleming's article "The Price of a Cup of Coffee" (*The Reporter,* May 12) was a reasonable interpretation of the recent desegregation demonstrations.

I understand its main conclusion to be "that the Southern Negro's discontent is real and growing, that the time is rapidly approaching when segregation can be maintained only by continuous coercion and the intolerable social order that it would create." I disagree in part with this statement.

I believe that the ambition of the Negro race for social and economic equality is a consistent force which takes different and new forms—the sit-in protest was not so much a sign of growing discontent, except in the immediate sense, as one of new expression of the Negro's consistent desire.

I doubt if "continous coercion" is a valid alternative in the United States; if there is a danger, it is that of terrorism by extremists.

Naturally, all of us hope that this does not come to pass, that the orderly process of integration will continue (as it must), and that the impetus to further integration will be as well conducted as the sit-in protests.

CECIL H. UNDERWOOD, Governor
Charleston, West Virginia

THE KOREAN DRAMA

To the Editor: To one like myself who was among the first American troops to enter Korea in September, 1945, Saul K. Padover's article on Korea ("The Korean Drama. 1. Misery and Revolt," *The Reporter,* May 26) was both thought-provoking and very depressing. After nearly fifteen years and millions of dollars of American aid, it would appear that conditions (except in education) are worse than they were then. South Korea has been our peculiar responsibility ever since that time and we cannot help but wonder what went wrong.

Of course, there were many factors outside our control. But these things, I feel, do not absolve us from our overriding responsibility for what has happened in South Korea. At the beginning it was mostly a case of our being unprepared and uninterested in Korean problems. Besides, to the men in our military government any political leader or movement which seemed left of Center was immediately suspect. To supply "firm and trustworthy" leadership, military government imported Syngman Rhee from the United States. The bungling of those early days is, I believe, still largely unknown, but thanks to reports like Professor Padover's we are beginning to discover how "well" things have been going since then.

Of one thing we can be certain: the Korean mess goes back a long way.

SAMUEL J. JACOBS
Massena, New York

THE FORAND BILL

To the Editor: Congratulations to Edward T. Chase and *The Reporter* on a fine job of reporting ("The Fight Over the Forand Bill," May 26).

There is no doubt that the dilemma of the aged is acute and compelling. As a resident physician in a busy city hospital, I am overwhelmed by compassion for these unfortunate people, left behind in the race for survival. If it were not for the aid they receive through our hospital and hundreds like it throughout the country, they would not survive. Here they get free medical care, free drugs, and free hospitalization. The price they pay is, however, steep: they must suffer the discomfort and humiliation of care on a crowded, understaffed, noisy city hospital ward, which they share with drunks and other undesirables.

The blunt truth is that our old people need help badly and they need it now. All else pales beside that fact. We must simply find the best way to help them.

As an individual physician, I cannot speak for the whole profession. I know only one thing: that although I feel very strongly in favor of aid to the aged, I am terrified of government medical insurance. I hope that I can explain why. One of the most attractive features of medicine as a career is its freedom of choice. The young physician can always find a field that suits his personality, and once he has found the field he may practice as he sees fit. Implied in this freedom and essential to it is his freedom to charge what (a) he thinks his time is worth and (b) what his patient can afford. Despite all the talk to the contrary, I do not believe this privilege has been abused by the majority of physicians.

Since I feel that the physician has been unjustly maligned and since I feel that the elderly do need medical care, which probably must be provided by government, I should like to propose a solution that would remove my objection, at least, to public medical insurance and, I daresay, that of a large number of my colleagues: Provide all the insurance you want any way you want, but stipulate clearly and most un-

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 7 issue your next copy will be dated August 4. That will be followed by the September 1 issue, when our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

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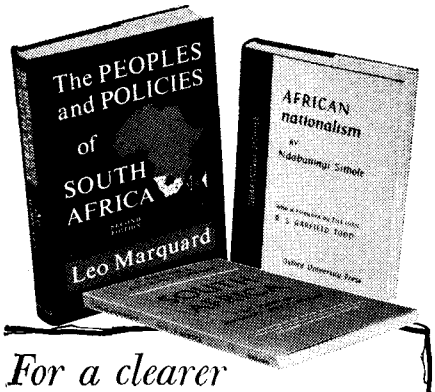

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equivocally in the bill that no control of any sort over fees, practices, or standards will be set. Legislate as one may, trust is still paramount in this world, and I think America's physicians can be trusted.

MATTHEW CUSHING, JR., M.D.
San Francisco

RETURN TO INDIA

To the Editor: Thank you for bringing us Santha Rama Rau's delightful account of her "Return to India" (*The Reporter*, June 9). It must be emphasized, however, that her impression of India is wholly that of an upper-class Brahman who has had the good fortune to be born into a wealthy and distinguished family. I daresay Hindu society looks far less ideal to the hundreds of millions of peasants who live on a subsistence level and suffer acute hunger when the harvest turns out to be bad, the tens of millions of untouchables who in spite of government efforts continue to be the outcasts of Indian society, and the many thousands of homeless, starving beggars, many of them mere children, who roam the streets of the big cities such as Calcutta. It is to these men and women that the relative security and wealth of Soviet society has a real appeal and for whom democracy and freedom cannot possibly have much meaning.

HUGO MUNSTERBERG
New Paltz, New York

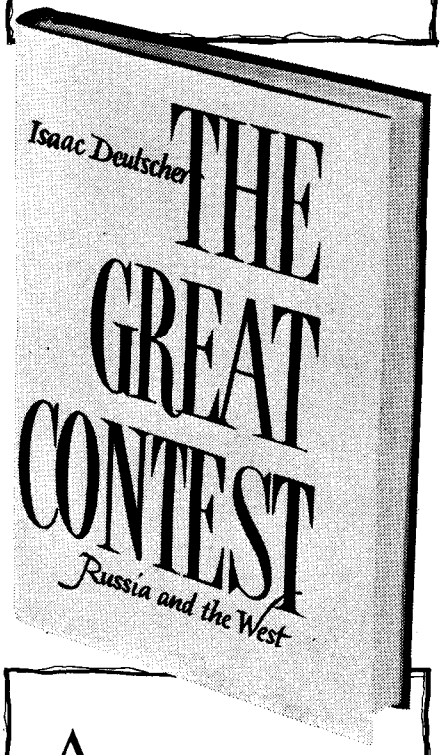
To the Editor: I am grateful to Santha Rama Rau for her contrast of the U.S.S.R. and India. I would like to add another example—an Indian election which we watched with wonder while living among its participants. Madras in 1959 elected its city council. Two million people live in Madras—a lot of them in hovels without water, light, or sanitation. About five parties contested for a hundred seats, ranging from the entrenched Congress Party through the Socialists to a new local nationalist party (the Dravida Munetra Kazagham) opposed to the exploitation of South India by North India.

Electioneering went on through symbols, speeches, and drama. For months before the election, banners hung across the streets, symbols shone from the roads, and walls were covered with posters, until the yoked oxen of Congress and the rising sun of the D.M.K., along with many others, were familiar to every child.

On election day men and women registered and voted in different lines, a device said to foster women voting. When it was all over the D.M.K., on its first try in a municipal election, had won 45 seats, Congress was pushed back to 37, independents 13, Communists 2, Socialists 3. There was no doubt that the poor people had voted, that they had voted in protest against their lot, and I never doubted that they knew just what they were doing.

MARIAN YANKAUER
Albany, New York

Isaac Deutscher's provocative new book



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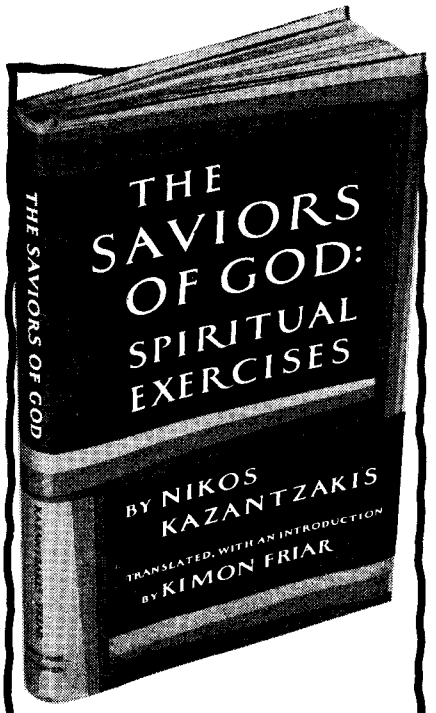
THE SAVIORS OF GOD
THE SAVIORS OF GOD: SPIRITUAL EXERCISES
BY NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS
TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY KIMON FRIAR

The spiritual testament of the great Greek novelist-poet

Nikos Kazantzakis

THE SAVIORS OF GOD, *Spiritual Exercises* by NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS, is now published in a superb translation by KIMON FRIAR.

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This book contains the core of the philosophy which infuses Kazantzakis' works, his monumental epic, *The Odyssey, a Modern Sequel* which won worldwide homage on its publication in 1958, and his novels, among them *Zorba the Greek*, *The Greek Passion*, and *Freedom and Death* — which were acclaimed by such men as Albert Schweitzer and Thomas Mann, both of whom nominated Kazantzakis for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

The Saviors of God will serve as a key to all of Kazantzakis' books. It stands on its own as a passionate and systematic view of the relationship between man and God.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR EDITORIAL calls attention to the fact that a Democratic victory in the Presidential election is likely to increase greatly the power of those senators who do not get the nomination—particularly considering that all the announced candidates for the nomination are senators. This situation, according to **Max Ascoli,** is unprecedented and will lead to a much closer partnership than ever before between the Executive and the Legislative Branches. . . . Washington Editor **Douglass Cater** went to the Texas Democratic convention at Austin a few weeks ago, which Lyndon Johnson ran with his unique faultless skill. Mr. Cater flew back to Washington with Johnson after the convention, listened to the talk of the master politician, and reached the conclusion that no matter what happens at Los Angeles, Lyndon Johnson cannot lose. . . . **Charles M. Weisenberg,** a reporter for City News Service in Los Angeles, tells us something of the geographic and transportation difficulties the Democratic delegates are going to face in that enormous, sprawling city—that New York without a Manhattan. . . . As to the prospect of a Democratic victory in November, **Andrew Hacker,** who teaches in the department of government at Cornell, has no doubt. The majority of the electorate is Democratic and this time the Republicans are not going to nominate a national hero with immense appeal. The stay-at-home voters who rushed to the polls to elect Eisenhower will just stay home.

CASTRO, who probably is not a Communist, could not have served the Kremlin better if he had been a card-carrying member from the moment he started growing his beard. Now the situation is quite serious, for in Cuba the official or unofficial Communists are doing their best to break the unity of the Western Hemisphere. Former Assistant Secretary of State **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** proposes a line of action to combat the Communist threat, but he warns us that there is no time to waste. . . . **Kenneth Ishii** is a member of the Associated Press bureau in Tokyo. . . . **Daniel Schorr,** who has long been assigned to following Premier Khrushchev, has now started following Chancellor Adenauer as the new correspondent of CBS News for Germany and Central Europe. . . . **Marya Mannes** has been dividing her time between theater reviewing and peregrinations about the city. She combines both lines of endeavor as she writes about the area just north of the Times Tower. . . . Staff Writer **Paul Jacobs** continues his reports on his recent travels in the Soviet Union with a description of a Muscovite black marketeer. . . . **John I. Brooks** is Sunday editor of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*. . . . Contributing editor **Robert Bendiner's** *White House Fever* was recently published by Harcourt, Brace.

ONE DAY perhaps, as **Malcolm Cowley** suggests, all new novels will be published first in paperback editions—though they won't be sold at the prices of paperbacks today. Meanwhile, Mr. Cowley himself has two paperback books on the market: *Exile's Return* and *The Literary Situation*, both published by Compass. . . . William Shakespeare was allowed to do a winter season in the Blackfriars Theatre only because it was within the walls of a monastery—for within the City of London actors have always been considered "a very superfluous sort of men." Bernard Miles and his Mermaid Players are having considerably better success. **David Lampe** is an American free-lance writer living in England. . . . **Jack Magarrell** is a staff writer for the Des Moines *Register*. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is back on his musical beat. . . . **Santha Rama Rau's** books include *Home to India, East of Home,* and *My Russian Journey,* all published by Harper. . . . **J. G. Brennan** is chairman of the department of philosophy at Barnard College. . . . **Theodore Draper's** *American Communism and Soviet Russia* has just been published by Viking.

Our cover, an impression of Quechuan Indians of South America, is by Art Director **Reg Massie.**

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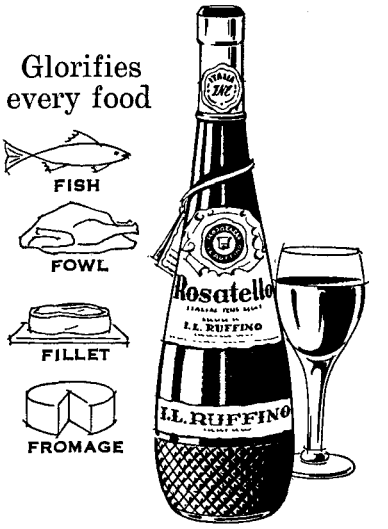

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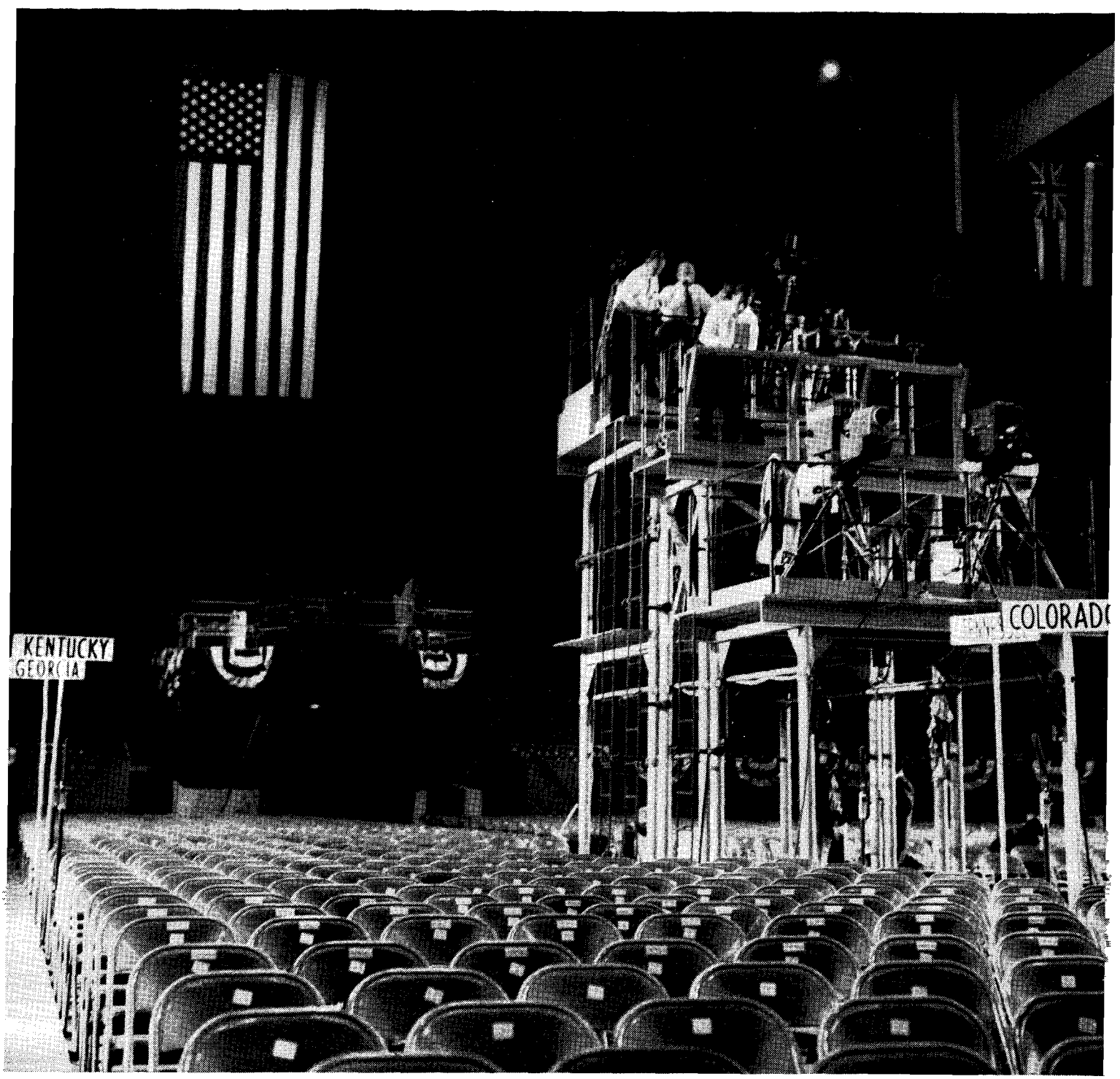

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The Winning Ticket

THERE is an odd, unseasonable quality about this Presidential campaign. A change of administration has been long overdue, and recent events abroad have made this need grievously felt throughout the country. A competition is on among nations great and small, each endeavoring to inflict on the United States the humiliation that hurts the most. But the American people know how to endure a failing administration to the bitter end.

Perhaps, we submit, the nation is considerably more interested in the elections on November 8 than in the prenomination stage of the campaign. This campaign, the debate on issues and personalities, has been going on for years—practically since the beginning of the second Eisenhower administration, or maybe of the first.

THE SYSTEMATIC criticism of the administration's policies first started at an unusual nonpartisan level. The doctrine of massive retaliation was torn to shreds by scholars before politicians woke up to its suicidal absurdity. Writers from the universities made the nation aware of the imperative need to have means available for limited warfare. The same was the case with the idea that an increased rate of national production was mandatory for internal growth and national defense. A list of similar instances would be quite long.

At a later stage, the thinking done by specialists on the basic subjects affecting the future of the nation was codified in a series of reports prepared or sponsored by such nonpartisan organizations as the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the Committee for Economic Development, the National Planning Association—not to mention the reports of special committees appointed by the administration which the administration preferred to keep classified.

The published reports were all consistently critical of the policies pursued in the fields of armament, foreign trade, education, internal economic growth, diplomacy, and assistance to underdeveloped areas. Yet the panels that produced the reports expressed the thinking of men and women who by no stretch of the imagination could possibly be called radical, and a large number of whom had a long record of affiliation with the Republican Party.

The unenviable task of defending the administration fell on the professionals of Old Guard Republicanism, and mostly on that man of many talents, Vice-President Nixon. Lately, he has become caustic toward the advocates of an increased rate of economic growth, and has coined the word "growthmanship." He has forgotten that on April 24, 1958, he had advocated that we "set as our goal not the present rate of growth of our economy of 3 per cent but the higher rate of 5 per cent recommended by the Rockefeller Report."

With the coming of the prenomination campaign, the bitter criticisms of the administration were re-echoed by all the avowed or unavowed candidates for the Presidency —all, excluding of course Mr. Nixon, but including Governor Rockefeller. The ideas first formulated in learned books, then endorsed by eminent citizens of both parties or no party, are now being popularized in digest form. Before being translated into action, wisdom has become commonplace. It is the translation into action that counts, come November 8.

No wonder if in this campaign, differently from that of 1956 and above all that of 1952, there has been less stirring of citizens' movements, or volunteers for avowed or draftable candidates. Whatever there has been of such a nature is the belated expression of abiding devotion to some unusual leader.

As of now, it looks as if the prenomination contests have been somewhat preordained and yet somehow superfluous. On one side, there is Nixon; on the other, a few men who represent the long-felt need to give the nation's policies a new, thoroughly mapped-out start. They are honorable, capable men, who happen already to be holders of power as members of the Senate. The one exception, Adlai Stevenson, has gained a position of his own that, irrespective of convention electioneering, entitles him to a place of distinction in the collective leadership of the Democratic Party.

Within this leadership the differences in personalities balance each other and make for a formidable complex. With the new Presidency, they will all be in—some ruling in the Senate with enhanced prestige, while the two lucky ones head the winning ticket and the nation. The complex cannot be disbanded.

THERE HAS BEEN much idle talk of late about national purposes. But the troubled souls in search of America's aims forget that the purposes of the nation are even too well known. When at long last they become operative, we will have the closest thing to a coalition government. The Legislative Branch will take a far more active part in the formulation and supervision of policies than the Constitution has ever foreseen. It may turn out to be an emergency government, centered not just in one man but in a group of men. The plight of our nation demands no less.

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Coming to Terms with Lyndon

DOUGLASS CATER

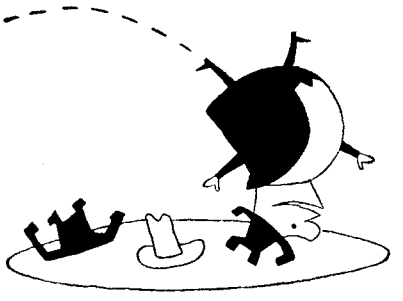
At the close of the Texas Democratic convention at Austin a few weeks ago, Senator Lyndon Baines Johnson gave a locker-room talk to the 120 half-vote delegates who will be going to Los Angeles pledged to him for the Presidential nomination. He warned them that Massachusetts would have a "smooth" team on the field which they would have to "outrun" and "outpass" on every play. But he promised that the Texans would be the best-quarterbacked team in convention history. "We will show them in Los Angeles," he announced exultantly, "that we can run the country the way we run a convention."

If the Texas convention was any preview, Johnson had reason for exultation. For weeks before the mid-June meeting in Austin, newspaper stories warned of pending revolt among the Texas Democrats. Well-founded rumor had it that a sizable number of the "loyal" Democrats, resentful of party members who had helped carry Texas for Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956, would bolt, set up a rump convention, and send a rival delegation to Los Angeles in July. That could have been mortally embarrassing to Johnson's candidacy.

But Johnson, whose own party loyalty has never been in question, hadn't the slightest intention of letting factional disputes interfere with his own plans. Last year he had pressured the Texas legislature into moving the primaries, usually held in July, forward to May so that his renomination to the Senate would be out of the way by convention time. (Nobody even bothered to run against him.)

The pressures brought to bear on prospective bolters were not particularly subtle. The night before the Convention, more than four thousand Texans at a fifty-dollar-a-plate dinner heard Speaker Sam Rayburn issue a stern warning to any Texans who might think of hurting Johnson's chances. "To me," said Rayburn with mounting emphasis, "that would be a sad thing and a sickening thing—one that I would not enjoy and that I would not forget." Evidently his message carried wide. Texas AFL-CIO leaders received an admonition from national headquarters not to forget that whatever happened at Los Angeles, the two Texans would still be holding a powerful grip on Washington during the years ahead. State AFL-CIO President Jerry Holleman, after some wavering, exhorted labor delegates in Austin not to bolt.

All night long Johnson and the seventy-eight-year-old Rayburn



worked in Johnson's suite at the Driscoll Hotel, checking the convention agenda and the long lists of delegates, conferring with friends and foes. They bargained and bullied, directing special efforts at the large delegation from Bexar County (San Antonio), which seemed most likely to lead the rump movement. To County Commissioner Albert Pena, leader of that region's heavy Mexican population, Johnson pointed out that San Antonio's state senator, Henry Gonzalez, will be facing a tough election fight this fall. Gonzalez could certainly use some campaign support.

The revolt, which was still dominating the newspaper headlines the next morning, turned out to be a farce. During the long convention roll call on a proposed loyalty amendment that was to be the test of strength, only forty of the more than twenty-four hundred delegates failed to stay in line. A mere handful left the air-conditioned comfort of the convention hall to meet other dissenters waiting outside. When the group gathered in blistering heat on a dusty hillside in nearby Zilker Park, one bolter reported sadly that most of his delegation had decided to stay. "We don't even have a majority of the minority that was in favor of the amendment," he lamented. "We haven't just been defeated, we've been massacred. It would be embarrassing for us to go to Los Angeles." Mrs. R. D. Randolph, the fiercely anti-Johnson national committeewoman who had expected to lead the rival delegation, ended all talk of any further contest. "You can't have a rump delegation if not a single county has rumped," she announced glumly.

Flying back to Washington in a chartered Convair that night, Johnson, who had slept less than two hours of the previous thirty-six, was tired but still keyed up. He rehashed the day's triumph for the admiring coterie of Texas congressmen who were on board. Ever a perfectionist, he pointed out that the victory could have been even more overwhelming except for slip-ups. ("I told the Speaker a month ago he ought to call Jim Patton.") But he was consoled by the fact that he had managed to steer a course displeasing to "the extremists on both sides."

Wheeling and Dealing

Both in Texas and Washington, the pattern of Lyndon Johnson's politics is cut in a style that is unusual in these days when organization men seem to dominate politics as well as business. There is an old-fashioned quality about Johnson that predates even the era of the

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political boss. In flamboyance, it finds its nearest antecedents in frontier America, where a leader ran things pretty much his own way with the occasional help of a posse.

Over in the Senate wing of the Capitol, Johnson has set up a holding company with interlocking interests that extend through the tangled maze of the Congressional bureaucracy. Some critics point out that he has put together a staff with a payroll of almost $500,000, accountable only to himself. But the majority leader is notably less dependent on elaborate staff work than some other senators who are a great deal less effective than he is. Except for the help of the youthful Bobby Baker, secretary to the Senate majority, who has an uncanny nose for smelling which way a senator is going to vote, Johnson mostly does his own lobbying among his colleagues.

He has been singularly unresponsive to modern methods of building political power. Though he can outtalk a gifted monologist like Hubert Humphrey in private gatherings, he still shows discomfort at having to appear on a television interview show. His relations with the working press are frequently curt and surly (though he mollifies reporters from time to time with thoughtful billets-doux). In the publicity race of press releases and ghosted pronouncements, he is a laggard. Despite his towering presence in Washington, there are vast sections of the country where he is largely unknown.

Johnson's brand of politics may be unusual but it has carried him a long way. A proud but impoverished son of frontier Texas aristocracy, he has made few detours along the road to power. Once, as a teenager, he went off to California on a nebulous fortune-seeking junket. Since then, everything has been strictly for a purpose. He worked on a construction gang to put himself through a small teachers' college. He taught school until he could get a chance to go to Washington as assistant to a Texas congressman. For nearly three decades now, except for the two-year interlude when he went back to Texas expressly to get himself elected to Congress and for a remarkably brief period after the heart attack he suffered in 1955, he has spent unlimited energy in marshaling and using political power in Washington.

His successes have been breathtaking. At forty-four, when he had been senator for only four years, Johnson was chosen leader of the Senate Democratic minority at the beginning of the Eisenhower administration. Two years later, the minority became the majority, and no one remembers a more powerful majority leader than Senator Lyndon Johnson.

"A MAN in public life is not really a single person," the senator said recently in explanation of

himself. "He is the sum total of all the people who believe in him, who have confidence in him, and who have supported him over the years."

But Johnson's role in public life has been more than a static expression of all the friends and forces that helped to shape him. He has an unmatched genius for adapting himself to find common agreement among those with whom he deals. It gives him a flexibility that defies any attempts to define him as liberal or a conservative.

Johnson has no apology to make for all this wheeling and dealing. Indeed, he is inclined to believe that the only free politician is the one not committed to fixed positions. "I may not be as smart as some people, but I am not the prisoner of anyone," the senator once told me proudly. "Not of the oilmen, not of the wild-eyed liberals. Nobody can dictate to me."

Though he is always prepared to parley about the content of his politics, Johnson moves with iron-willed determination to affix his LBJ brand on its form. Many have tried to describe how he has come to dominate the Senate to an extent formerly thought impossible in a body of equals. To friendly critics he is a fascinating man, totally dedicated in his work, totally unreserved in expending time and energy and patience at the nagging legislative craft. To unfriendly ones, he is a compulsive egotist, devoid of humility, interested only in the sound of his own voice and the adulation of those around him. Friends argue that he has made the Senate, always in danger of becoming an unworkable institution, into a body capable of passing civil-rights laws for the first time in eighty years. Foes claim that he has degraded the Senate and, more recently, frustrated its growing Democratic majority by his carefully engineered coalitions.

THERE IS ample evidence to document a case either for or against Johnson. He is a complex man with a mind as quick and perceptive as that of anyone in public life today. He is certainly not an intellectual, and his mind has not been much stimulated by serious reading. His perception can be notably faulty at times in gauging the impact he is making on others. Visitors to his office have come away horrified after an hour's monologue just as others have left highly impressed. In public appearances, especially when he speaks extemporaneously, he can frequently wow them. Or, as when he chose to lecture a New York gathering about what "my daddy told me," he leaves them wondering.

His taste is as unpredictable as his forensics. At the Texas convention, he wore a well-cut dark-blue suit and regimental striped tie that lent dignity to his tall, rather gangling figure. Yet at a recent political luncheon in Washington, he turned up in a pearl-gray raw-silk suit and a sporty multicolored tie that would be dandy at a race track.

To those who have chosen John-

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son as their candidate, such criticism is valid but inconsequential. It neglects the No. 1 consideration, which is that he has demonstrated a remarkable aptitude for power. He likes it and is willing to use it. He can be tough, even ruthless, but he is effective. He answers the question put by the big newspaper ads endorsing him, "Who shall lead us?"

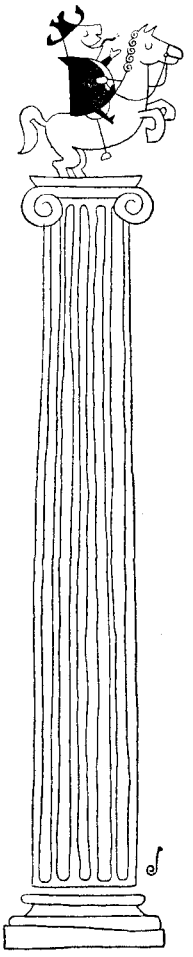
Once the Bug Bites . . .

At the opening of Congress a year and a half ago, encountering Johnson in a Capitol corridor, I inquired about the correctness of a news account from Texas quoting him as saying that nobody from his part of the country could be nominated for President or, if nominated, elected. He replied that it was correct. Then, speaking emphatically, he went on to say that he was determined to put the bug of Presidential ambition out of his head. His granddaddy and his daddy before him had been legislators. He liked the Legislative branch. He didn't know if he would be happy in the Executive end of things. He had neither the training nor the temperament for it. He liked his work. He wanted to live. He was proud of the senators whom he had brought along and would be happy to see any of them get the nomination. He was determined not to let his effectiveness as majority leader be reduced by the suspicion that he was a candidate. By the time Johnson had finished, I was almost persuaded that he meant what he said.

Others were similarly persuaded. Only last fall, an old friend and supporter, James Rowe, paid Johnson four visits, pleading for a sign of his candidacy. Failing to get one, Rowe went to work for Humphrey. (He is now back with Johnson.)

Some profess to believe that the senator has known all along what he intended to do, unveiling his candidacy inch by inch in a calculated strip tease. Others are not so sure. Even as he stood before his cheering supporters at Austin in June, Johnson continued to profess deep misgivings about the office "where no one can be perfect and one's imperfections are constantly dwelt upon." The job was awesome enough, he said, to make any man humble "until he looks around at the capabilities of some of the other men who are after it."

In the past, observers have noted a curious shrinkage in Johnson's stature as he has moved from the capital to the national convention. In 1952, he accomplished little as manager for the admittedly hope-



less candidacy of Georgia's Senator Richard B. Russell. As favorite son in 1956, Johnson was either unwilling or unable to swing his delegation to Stevenson even though there was a brief interval, after Truman's bid for Harriman and before Governor Williams of Michigan made up his mind, when he was told his votes would be decisive.

Skeptics are dubious about his prospects this time. Despite Johnson's vaunted prowess in Congress, they claim that he cannot cope with the larger, less disciplined forces at Los Angeles. The simple arithmetic of the Senate—two votes to a state—doesn't compare to the higher mathematics of a convention, where city bosses and spokesmen for all kinds of minority groups must be fitted into the equation. In Congress, decisions can be postponed when they are unmanageable. Decisions at conventions are made in hours and even minutes.

Beyond Johnson's handicap as a Southerner, the skeptics doubt that his old-fashioned politics can be matched against the newfangled techniques of Jack Kennedy. He counts too heavily, they say, on Congressional potentates who have very little influence back in their home states. He may have been able to muster fifteen Californian Democrats in Congress to help oust National Committeeman Paul Ziffren, who was outspokenly hostile to Johnson. But all the seniority power of Senate President pro Tempore Carl Hayden of Arizona could not keep Kennedy from stealing his delegation. Kennedy strategists boast of similar forays in New Mexico and other states where Johnson had counted on delegates to be delivered by his faithful colleagues.

If Johnson finds this disheartening, he is not letting on. He refuses to talk strategy, claiming that the business of the Senate will engage his full attention right up to convention time. Associates predict that he will go to Los Angeles with well over four hundred votes—Southern, border-state, and a scattering elsewhere. It will be enough, they hope, to stop Kennedy's band wagon. If they can hold Kennedy for two or three ballots, maybe the Western states will begin to shift Johnson's way. Maybe Kennedy himself may be persuaded to take second place on a Johnson ticket. Or maybe, they concede, the whole convention will begin to move toward a third candidate. Some who know Johnson believe that this time, unlike in 1956, he is quite prepared to play the kingmaker if he cannot be king.

It is entirely possible, of course, that Kennedy will push through his nomination without a hitch. But if Johnson has his way, the delegates will first be obliged to ask themselves whether the nominee of their choice is able to beat Nixon, negotiate with Khrushchev, and—unless they happen to choose the tall man from Texas—come to terms with a majority leader named Johnson.

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Delegates Bumper to Bumper

CHARLES M. WEISENBERG

Los Angeles

There is no historical precedent to show how the size and shape of a city can affect convention results—but then, no political party ever held a convention in a place like this. Los Angeles lies on the edge of the Pacific Ocean like a 456-square-mile amoeba. It sprawls over mountains and valleys with a constantly changing form that even local residents have difficulty keeping up with. It is generally referred to as the "Greater Los Angeles area" in order to include the more than fifteen cities that comprise metropolitan Los Angeles.

Streets have been built along the path of least resistance, twisting and turning to form a myriad of geometrical shapes. And running throughout the crazy-quilt pattern is a multimillion-dollar-a-mile freeway system whose newest links become inadequate before they can be completed. The street and freeway systems form the lifeline of a city where mass transportation is about as unpredictable as space travel.

Jam at the Interchange

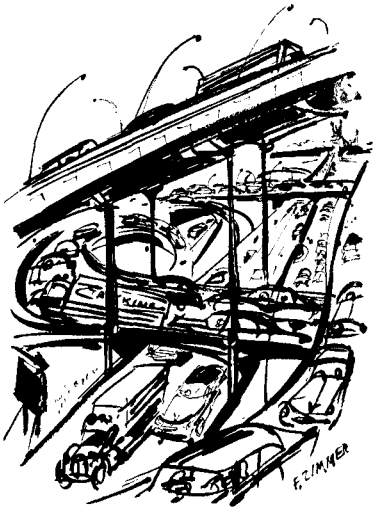
Seven of the city's independent suburbs will be of vital interest to every Presidential candidate, delegate, and influence peddler. The failure or success of operations at these locations could conceivably affect the course of the convention itself. The areas are:

Exposition Park.—Here, in the new $6-million Sports Arena, convention business will be transacted by candidates, voting delegates, inquiring newsmen, and excited spectators. Exposition Park is built around the 110,000-seat Coliseum, where the acceptance speeches will be delivered. An older part of the city, Exposition Park is about five miles from downtown and is connected to it by the Harbor Freeway. This one link of the freeway system handles some 140,381 cars daily, and the two ramps serving the Sports Arena carry an average of one car every six seconds into Exposition Park around the clock. The main off-ramp at the Sports Arena, Santa Barbara Avenue, often carries its maximum load, 1,500 cars an hour. At such times the arena will be from thirty to forty minutes from convention headquarters at the Biltmore—with no escape route available for the delegate in a hurry.

Shrewdly, the Johnson forces, with headquarters downtown, have recognized traffic and time as major problems and have rented the Figueroa Theater, a neighborhood movie house across from the Arena, as an extra caucus facility.

Downtown.—At the 1956 Chicago convention, thirty delegations were housed in three downtown hotels; the same number of delegations will use thirteen hotels in downtown Los Angeles. The Biltmore is at the center of this old central district. It is not unusual for busses to take half an hour to cross the twelve blocks that comprise the heart of downtown. Five freeways converge downtown on a four-level nightmare known as the interchange. More than 360,000 vehicles work their way through the maze, sometimes at speeds of five miles an hour or less.

Hollywood.—Ten miles west of downtown, by the shortest route possible, lies the once famous haunt of filmdom's deities (they have long since abandoned it for more exclusive neighborhoods). Eight states, including California with its eighty-one votes, will use five hotels. Hollywood is an active business community with department stores, office buildings, and substantial residential neighborhoods. The Hollywood Freeway connects with downtown through the massive interchange, where drivers can switch to the Harbor Freeway for direct access to the Sports Arena. Strangers, unable to figure out the complicated sign system near the interchange, frequently find themselves in Pasadena, or on the way to Las Vegas or San Diego. If the Hollywood delegate makes all the right decisions, he can find his way to the vicinity of the Sports Arena in forty-five minutes. A judicious driver allows himself an hour.



Wilshire.—Only three miles from downtown, this is the least compact of the seven convention communities. Wilshire businessmen and shoppers conduct their activities in an atmosphere of elegance and sophistication. Seven delegations will live here. There are no freeway routes to the Sports Arena from hotels in this area. The 114-vote New York delegation will be lodged at the Ambassador, thirty to forty-five minutes from the Arena during half of the nine daytime traffic hours. Add twenty minutes for complications.

Beverly Hills.—An influential island, Beverly Hills is bordered by Los Angeles on every side. It has its own city government and a very strict set of anti-noise laws. High-class hotels, shops, and homes make this one of the finest small cities in the state. Although there are three first-class hostelries here, only one convention delegation, from Virginia, will be housed in Beverly Hills. The assumption is that powerful party leaders and financiers will set up shop here, making Beverly Hills a second headquarters with some of the convention's most important smoke-filled rooms. Beverly Hills has no unsightly freeways cutting through its jealously protected landscape. Consequently, convention delegates must cover ten miles of stoplight-controlled surface streets to the Sports Arena. Dodger baseball fans are accustomed to spending anywhere from an hour to an hour and forty-five minutes traversing this same route.

Pasadena.—Another exceedingly well-off community, Pasadena is on

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the eastern edge of Los Angeles about fourteen miles from the Sports Arena. The Huntington-Sheraton Hotel will house two delegations, including the large Pennsylvania group. Pasadena itself is a quiet place with greater physical separation from central Los Angeles than any of the other six communities. Pasadena delegates have freeway conditions all the way to the Arena. If the downtown interchange is not tangled, a determined autoist who is familiar with the route can make the distance within an hour.

Pacific Palisades.—Eighteen miles west of the Sports Arena, Pacific Palisades lies at the end of Sunset Boulevard, the city's most beautiful and curvaceous street. The Louisiana delegates will be housed in luxury and virtual isolation at the Santa Ynez Inn overlooking the Pacific Ocean, a good place to get away from it all. But this delegation would be housed almost as conveniently in an airport motel 110 miles away in San Diego—a sixty-minute jet-auto trip to the Sports Arena compared to what can become a two-hour auto trip from the Santa Ynez to the same destination.

SINCE A DELEGATE who shows up at a caucus five minutes after it's over might as well have been on the beach soaking up the California sunshine, it is clear that anyone who fails to master the hotel and travel problem in Los Angeles will be seriously handicapped in achieving his political objectives.

Freeways will be the primary connecting link between the Sports Arena, convention headquarters, and the hotel areas. Police estimate that for every minute of stoppage on a freeway it takes ten minutes to get traffic back to normal. A simple bumper-locking incident can halt traffic for at least five minutes. This could mean a fifty-minute delay for convention politicians racing against the clock. On May 31, when a truck and trailer carrying paper bags overturned on one freeway near the interchange at 4:30 A.M., traffic on four freeways was motionless for more than four and a half hours. Police estimated that 100,000 motorists were tied up.

Efficient and long-range planning by the Democratic National Committee and the Los Angeles Host Committee will do much to keep everything running smoothly. J. Leonard Reinsch has been directing convention arrangements from Los Angeles since the beginning of the year and has gained the respect and admiration of the politicians as well as of businessmen. He handed out hotel assignments "without an overriding political significance" and will see that each delegation is supplied with enough busses to transport it en masse. (This is particularly important in Los Angeles since there are only 1,007 cabs, compared with 12,000 in New York City.) Approximately 3,500 additional telephones will be installed to improve the city's communication system.

Reinsch's problems have been further complicated by the shortage of hotel rooms. Pressures for strategically located rooms began almost as soon as Los Angeles was named as the convention site. But hotel managers have met pressures with a remarkable faithfulness to the no-favoritism policy set up by Reinsch, who maintains a huge crossfiling system in handing out room assignments. One state delegation offered to pay in advance for all necessary rooms at a downtown hotel. The group even offered to pay in advance for meals, although the delegates couldn't possibly eat at the hotel three times a day. A television network offered another downtown hotel "a good financial deal" plus the publicity of becoming the "unofficial" headquarters for the convention in exchange for all the rooms needed. Both offers were turned down.

Two Texas state senators and a California congressman have reservations at the Disneyland Hotel, which is in another county some twenty-five miles away and completely removed from all convention activity. One Democratic governor sought accommodations at a private club in one of the beach cities that is completely removed from the Greater Los Angeles area.

'Get Right Down, Sam!'

Despite the official attitude of optimism, visions of confusion plague leaders in the host city. It is not too hard to visualize a telephone ringing, let's say, at the Louisiana headquarters in Pacific Palisades at 6 A.M.

"Sam," the voice says, "you better get down to the Texas caucus room in the New Clark Hotel downtown right away. Our man has decided to step out of the race if he can get his compromise candidate nominated."

At 6:30 A.M. our Louisiana delegate leaves the ocean front for downtown. He hits the Hollywood Freeway at 7:30 A.M. with its bumper-to-bumper morning traffic and he dashes into the caucus room as the meeting ends. The decision has already been made. The South will swing to the compromise candidate as a solid unit if certain arrangements can be made.

LET'S SAY our man is an important party leader and is sent to reach certain agreements with the Pennsylvania group. It is 9:30 A.M. when he gets on the Harbor Freeway heading for Pasadena via the interchange. Somebody's car goes out of control momentarily; it ties up traffic for a scant three minutes. This delays our man for half an hour, and he arrives in Pasadena at 10:30 A.M. With the aid of an efficient telephone system, the political deal is put through in an hour. During the telephone conversation it turns out that a secret caucus is to be held at noon in a private home in Hollywood to organize convention floor strategy for the compromise candidate. Our man leaves Pasadena at 11:30 A.M. with a Pennsylvania representative and gets to Hollywood just in time for the noon caucus.

The caucus takes a mere two hours to settle on a plan of action that will give the compromise candidate the party nomination during that day's session. The group breaks up at 2 P.M. and heads for the Sports Arena with its battle plan. At 2:13 P.M. a large truck carrying watermelons overturns near the interchange and all freeway traffic is deadlocked for three hours.

Our man from Louisiana has spent hours of travel time to accomplish minutes of business. If you think it is not within the realm of possibility, just ask any Los Angeles driver.

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Early Odds for November

ANDREW HACKER

IF FIGURES mean anything, the next President is bound to be a Democrat. Even Republicans will concede that the Democratic party is now the majority party, and that it probably has been for the last generation.

Over the past twelve years, the Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan has been asking a nation-wide sample of Americans which of the two major parties they preferred. While the respondents vary in the intensity with which they identify themselves with a party, about nine out of ten do have a definite preference. The Michigan results, reported by Angus Campbell *et al.* in *The American Voter* (Wiley, 1960), show little variation between election years:

	1952	1954	1956	1958
Democrats	57%	56%	51%	54%
Republicans	34%	33%	37%	33%

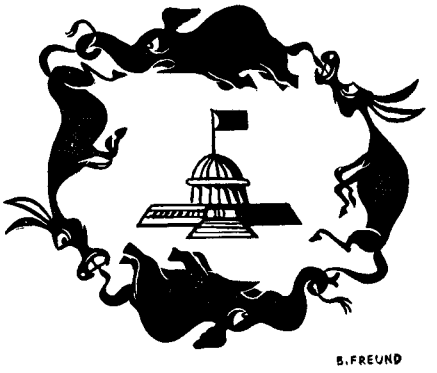
Even though some Democrats may have cast their votes for Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956, it is clear that they continue to think of themselves as Democrats. But while the Michigan survey is significant, we must remember that it was a sample of *citizens* and not a sample of *voters*. It is well known that not everyone votes; indeed, less than half of America's citizens vote with any regularity. In consequence it is advisable to turn away from the expressed preferences of individuals chosen at random, many of whom may not even vote, and to look at the actual performance of those who go to the polls. If this is done it will be seen that Democrats remain the majority party, although their margin is no longer as generous as the Michigan survey suggests.

A REGULAR VOTER may be defined as one who casts a ballot at least every two years. Not only does he show up for the much-publicized Presidential contests; he also turns out for the off-year Congressional elections. (There is a dedicated band that also votes in the local "off-off-year" elections in odd-numbered years. But apart from a word of congratulation, they will not be considered here.) How many regular voters are there? In recent years the proportion of the estimated potential electorate turning out to vote for candidates for the House of Representatives has been remarkably constant:

	Potential Electorate (millions)	Actual Voters (millions)	Turnout
1950	96.9	40.4	42%
1954	99.7	42.6	43%
1958	104.0	45.7	44%

While there is some slight sign of increasing turnout, the pace is slow. In effect, this group of between forty-two and forty-four per cent of the citizens constitutes the regular voters; they are the hard core of our electorate. And what is significant about them is that they are strong in their party loyalties.

There are, of course, genuine independents who switch from party to party from year to year and split their votes. But the number of real independents is very much smaller than we might like to believe, and most people who claim to be free agents usually end up supporting the same party they did last time. The posture of independence is more one of psychological uplift than of political significance. To be sure, the regular electorate do change their party loyalties, but when they change the shift is more likely to be permanent than transitory, and on a national basis changes in party composition are more likely to be gradual than abrupt. Samuel Lubell documents this phenomenon in *The Future of American Politics* (Harper, 1952), where he shows how Al Smith and F.D.R. built the Democrats into a majority party by slow stages. Further evidence is contained in Robert C. Wood's *Suburbia: Its People and Their Politics* (Houghton Mifflin, 1959), which deftly dispels the myth that the mere act of moving to the suburbs causes lifelong Democrats to change overnight into Republicans. For various reasons, most of them quite understandable, we do not like to admit that our party loyalties run as deep as they do. At all events, over the past decade the slow-moving trend among the "regulars" has been away from the Republicans and to the Democrats. This tendency can be detected by examining the votes received by candidates for the House of Representatives throughout the country. That is, if first the Republican and then the Democratic votes for all 435 (or, in 1958, 436) Congressional races are added up, there emerges a picture of the party line-up within the regular electorate:



	Republican Votes (millions)	(per cent)	Democratic Votes (millions)	(per cent)
1950	19.8	49	19.8	49
1954	20.0	47	22.2	52
1958	19.9	44	25.4	56

It is true that in 1958, to take the most recent election, there were almost eighty races in the South, where no Republican or other serious opposition candidate ran against the Democrat. However, as might be expected, the Democratic turnout in these districts was low. Something under two million Democratic votes were cast in these unopposed "races," and even if they are subtracted from the nation-wide Democratic total, the Democratic vote is still a substantial majority.

The trend here is unmistakable: among the "regular" electorate there has been a substantial increase in the Democratic ranks. Yet at the same time this electorate remains constant in size relative to the population. The conclusion cannot be avoided: Democratic gains are being paid for by Republican defections.

Getting Out the Stay-at-Homes

The story is quite different for Presidential years, when the variables become more varied. More peo-

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ple vote in Presidential elections than in Congressional races. The key question is, How many more? For if the turnout for Congressional years is relatively constant, that in Presidential years tends to be extremely variable. Again, the last three elections may be examined:

	Potential Electorate (millions)	Actual Voters (millions)	Turnout
1948	93.5	48.8	52%
1952	97.6	61.5	63%
1956	102.1	62.0	61%

Although perhaps a trifle low, the 1948 percentage may be regarded as "normal." It is fairly close to the average turnout for all Presidential elections since women got the vote in 1920. Like the high turnouts in 1936 and 1940 when Roosevelt took on the stature of a national rather than merely a party leader, the turnouts of 1952 and 1956 must be looked on as "abnormal."

There is good reason for putting it this way. It might be argued that the eleven per cent additional voters who turned out in 1952 must have included many people who were converted to the practice of voting and who should henceforward be added to the regular electorate. Yet things did not work out that way. Although sixty-three per cent of the potential electorate voted in 1952, in the Congressional elections of 1954 the turnout was only forty-three per cent—one percentage point higher than it had been in 1950. In short, 1952 and 1956 were abnormal elections because they brought temporarily onto the voting scene a new group of voters. What made these years extraordinary was the entry of Dwight D. Eisenhower into politics.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY in 1952 and 1956 knew that it had a remarkable candidate. If Robert A. Taft was "Mister Republican," General Eisenhower was "Mister United States." He could be put forward as a national figure, almost entirely free of party identification. He had great appeal, therefore, for those citizens who had never committed themselves by voting for one party ticket or the other.

The Republican campaigns of 1940 through 1948 had been aimed at the so-called independent vote, and this had only brought defeat three times running. For this group of regular voters was (and is) a very small one, numbering perhaps three or four million. Given the Democratic majority of the regular voters, even winning over most of the independents would not be sufficient for a Republican victory. Therefore the strategy in 1952 was to appeal, as no one ever had before, to citizens who usually stay at home on Election Day. A Republican memorandum put the plan quite cogently: "The pertinent fact is that stay-at-homes outnumber the Independents by approximately forty-five million to an estimated three or four million." It concluded: "Stay-at-homes offer a vastly larger area than the . . . Independents for the enlistment of new recruits."

That Eisenhower brought out the stay-at-homes to vote for him both in 1952 and 1956 is now a matter of political history. Indeed, it may be suggested that he won both times because he had the regular Republican vote *plus* the customary stay-at-home vote, and not because any large numbers of Democrats defected to him:

	Republican Votes (millions)	Democratic Votes (millions)
1948	22.0	24.0
1952	33.8	27.3
1956	35.6	25.7

Stevenson not only got more votes than the winning candidate did in 1948, but his totals in 1952 and 1956 were, respectively, twenty-eight per cent and twenty-five per cent of the estimated potential electorate—a very good showing by any "normal" reckoning. After all, Truman won in 1948 with only twenty-six per cent of the potential vote. Stevenson had a "normal" Democratic majority in 1952 and came close to having one in 1956. But it was his fate to run in two "abnormal" election years. And the abnormality was caused by the great success in bringing many of the stay-at-homes away from their firesides for the first time in their political lives.

WHAT KIND of person is the stay-at-home? First, and most important, he tends to be nonpolitical. His opinions on political matters are not very well informed, if they exist at all, and politics seldom enters his conversation in any serious way. He may have worries like the rest of us, but he does not feel that his personal political participation will help, so he seldom—if ever—votes.

Second, even when he is concerned about public affairs, he steadfastly refuses to identify himself with either party in any meaningful way, and he tends to write off party politicians as self-seekers, opportunists, and (on occasion) crooks. He is skeptical and not a little cynical about the two major parties, and he would not mind a plague being visited on both their houses.

Third, his primary patriotic motivation is a somewhat vague sense of national loyalty, and he is susceptible to appeals that ask him to participate in a nonpolitical and nonpartisan plebiscite. The stay-at-homes who came out to support Eisenhower—the first-time voters who raised the turnout from fifty-two per cent to sixty-three per cent—were not voting for a Republican but for a national leader, not for a party's candidate but for someone who was above party.

There is no need to recite here how the Republicans in 1952 and 1956 spared no energy or expense in getting as big a turnout as possible. They knew that virtually every stay-at-home who was initiated at the polls would vote for Eisenhower rather than Stevenson. In the minds of the stay-at-homes Stevenson was clearly tainted with partisanship. The stay-at-homes don't single out Democrats in particular as objects of scorn; they don't like party politicians in general. Eisenhower was a man above party, a man of and for the entire nation. In the circumstances of 1952 and 1956, appeals to civic responsibility neatly dovetailed with Republican objectives. But all the money spent on television and campaigning would have gone down a rathole if the Republicans had not had a product to sell: a candidate with national appeal.

It has already been pointed out

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that the stay-at-homes did not return in 1954 to elect the Republican Congress that Eisenhower asked for. Congressional politics is "party" politics, and they would have none of it. They responded to the "national" appeal again in 1956 (although somewhat less enthusiastically), and once more remained at home in the 1958 Congressional elections. The inevitable question is, What will the stay-at-homes do this year?

The key factor is whether either of the candidates wears the look of a national rather than a "party" figure. The answer here is plain: the two candidates will clearly be party men, strongly identified with the party organizations for which and within which they have worked so long. If the stay-at-home knows anything about politics, he knows how to sniff a party politician from a great distance, and—sad to say—the odor repels him. No amount of publicity buildup and no attempt by Madison Avenue to create a new image will succeed in convincing the stay-at-homes that either of the two 1960 candidates is a figure above party.

Back to Normalcy

As things look now, the conclusion must be that in 1960 the stay-at-homes will stay at home as they usually do. In political and partisan terms the country will have returned to normal. And if the turnout goes back to normal, then all indications —on paper at least—are that America will elect a Democrat as President in 1960.

This may be good news for the Democrats, but going beyond 1960 it is altogether proper to ask if it is ultimately in the interest of either party to depend upon wholesale appeals to people who are basically suspicious of politics. The kind of persuasion that must be used to enlist the stay-at-home's participation tends to an oversimplification of the issues and an emphasis on the candidate's real or created personality. It is therefore not at all certain that the kind of leaders who are voted in by the sporadic participation of the stay-at-home voter are either representative of genuine political sentiment in this country or suited for office.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Communist Invasion Of Latin America

A. A. BERLE, JR.

THE UNITED STATES has "indicted" Cuba before the Organization of American States, charging a variety of hostile and illegal acts and requesting collective action to end a threat to the peace of the Western Hemisphere. But what is happening in Havana is not an isolated episode, and behind the Cuban crisis lie some bitter realities that must be faced by both the United States and its neighbors in the Western Hemisphere.

Since the Monroe Doctrine, we have insisted that the New World must be inviolate. Latin America was not to be a spoil for overseas expansionists, either by military conquest or by the extension of political systems. And thus far through the twentieth century the New World has controlled its destiny. An end to that era is threatened.

Regional unity has been taken for granted too long. The possibility that part of the hemisphere might be detached or put in an international alignment hostile to the United States has been dismissed as alarmist, even when Hitler made an appreciable effort in 1938. Today the unity of the Western Hemisphere can be broken up unless Washington quickly develops a new capacity for leadership and decisive action.

THE IMMEDIATE THREAT comes from Cuba and the current theater of conflict is the Caribbean area. For all practical purposes, Cuba is just as much a Communist satellite as Hungary or North Korea. I mean that a few Communists, or men controlled by them, whose policy and tactics are directed either by Moscow or Peking (probably the latter, though at the moment it is not certain) are in control of Cuba's resources, its territory, and its voiceless people. True, they are a small minority. They reject the Communist label, and the non-Communist elements are still a majority in the revolutionary movement in Cuba. Fidel Castro himself may not be a Communist and a large majority of Cubans would throw out the Communists tomorrow if they could. But for the time being the island republic has been converted into not only a spearhead of Soviet and Chinese propaganda but also a potential base for Soviet and Chinese power.

The clique dominating Cuba intends direct aggression against the rest of Latin America with Chinese and Soviet support. The plan is to inflame the entire Caribbean area and as much more of Latin America as possible with what the incendiaries would call civil war. Arms and supplies are being accumulated for export to the Latin-American mainland as well as to the rest of the Antilles. Cadres are being established on the mainland, to be supplied with munitions capable of sustaining protracted guerrilla wars.

The Castro government captured large reserves of U.S.-made weapons from the fallen Batista government. They were more than enough for any Cuban needs. Promptly, nevertheless, the Cuban revolutionary government began to import arms. It is said that about $150 million has been spent for that purpose. Unfortunately, secondhand weapons are available in quantity from Western Europe. Furthermore, it is possible that Castro's trade agreements with the Soviet Union involved arms packages from the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, though the Cuban government recently went out of its way to deny that report. There is no doubt that Castro arranged to get some Russian MIG-15 planes. They may already have been deliv-

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ered—but they probably cannot be used until new airfield facilities are built. It has been reported that construction work is going forward under heavy secrecy. If jet airstrips are being built, it is clear that MIG-15s would be of little use within Cuba. But they certainly would provide powerful long-range support for operations in Central America.

A Multiple Threat

All this armament is obviously not intended for display in museums. The information available adds up to the creation of an arsenal of insurrection in Cuba, a supply depot capable of delivering equipment and munitions to points on the mainland littoral of the Caribbean, a great crescent running from Venezuela through Central America to Guatemala and Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula. Organizational activity, directed from Cuba, has been going forward feverishly in that area.

In Venezuela, Communists and a small extremist faction of leftists have been attacking President Rómulo Betancourt's government, even though it is doing an excellent job of vigorous evolutionary reform. Its new agrarian law is a model, and the Venezuelan economy as a whole is being reconstructed in an enlightened fashion. Castro, nevertheless, has attacked Betancourt violently. Having pretty well overcome the armed intrigues carried on against him by the remnants of the Pérez Jiménez reactionaries and by the Dominican dictator, Generalissimo Trujillo, Betancourt must now anticipate an attack from the extreme Left. Politically he can handle the situation easily. But his left-wing opponents, preparing an alliance with the extreme Right against the democratic Center, are obviously only waiting for the right time to set up terrorist or guerrilla operations.

Colombia, to the west, is in a somewhat better situation. The unity of that country behind President Lleras Camargo is striking. But there are strongholds ruled by bandits or guerrillas in the mountainous interior where the government writ does not run. Without foreign support, these outlaws, in which Communist elements are active, could not hold out. Agents of the Castro government are known to maintain liaison with them. Given steady supplies of munitions, they could stimulate armed disorder of the kind that led to the Rojas Pinilla dictatorship. Agitation in Panama, carried on by so-called "student" groups and allied elements, has been continuous despite the complete failure of an expedition from Cuba that landed some months ago.

North of the canal the situation is far from promising. Costa Rica has its own problems fairly well in hand, but immediately north lies Nicaragua, governed by a dying, backward dictatorship. The people want and will surely get political and social change before long. Honduras, now in the hands of a democratic and well-intentioned government, is still paying the price for the many years of tyranny by its *caudillo,* Tiburcio Cárias. Its weakness invites guerrilla attack. Guatemala, probably a prime target of the Castro régime, is in somewhat the same condition. It is farther along on the road to economic progress, but it has racial and social problems. The most powerful man in Castro's government (probably not excepting Castro himself) is an Argentine left-wing adventurer, "Che" Guevara. He endeavored to organize the Communist take-over of Guatemala and was expelled when President Arbenz fell in 1954 after his government tried to import Czechoslovakian arms plainly designed for use against other Central American governments. Guevara undoubtedly dreams of revenge.

In most, perhaps all, of these countries, tiny groups of guerrillas with high firepower and continuing supplies of money, ammunition, and arms can terrorize great areas of rugged, sparsely settled territory. The savage process of conscription of local populations then begins. Either you are for us and help us, or you are against us and you and your families die. The central government must use force to repel force, and reason stops in the ghastly process of raid and counter-raid, terror and counter-terror. The outside world gets only propaganda versions of a horrible reality. This is what happened in the Near East, in Malaya, in Vietnam and elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

There is not the slightest doubt that the objective is not to bring about social revolution throughout Latin America but to strike at the United States. The slogans chalked on the walls near each activist center in this entire region reveal the insurrectionists' true motives eloquently: "Cuba, sí—Yanqui, no," "Down with Yanqui imperialism," are the most common. Local governments are attacked as "stooges of Uncle Sam." Last April in Venezuela I saw demonstrations whose style and content might have come straight from Peking or Moscow.

The situation is no better on the island of Hispaniola, occupied by the Dominican Republic and Haiti. Several Dominican groups have organized in the knowledge that Trujillo's long tyranny is tottering. He is now fighting not only with exiles and with elements in his own government but with the Catholic Church, whose nuncio and bishops have openly criticized him. He has answered by denouncing them furiously in his controlled press. As in the Cuban revolution, most of the anti-Trujillo groups are democratic and non-Communist, and anxious to cooperate with their neighbors in the hemisphere, including the United States. But one or two of the groups have been infiltrated and are led by Communists. At the moment of the dictator's fall, they aim to seize the capital of the country and its government, arms, and resources just as the Castro clique seized actual power in Havana.

Duvalier's government in Haiti, whatever its intention, has been able to achieve little more than inefficient and corrupt tyranny. Communist cadres are active in Haiti, too. Trained in France, they have been instructed to foment a race war in which mulattoes will be considered the capitalist "enemy class." To be sure, they are only a minority outside the main stream of leftist activism in the Caribbean. But we must remember that Haiti is peculiarly vulnerable to invasion from Cuba.

A President's Travels

The Cuban revolutionaries themselves object violently to being called Communist, at least in the United States. Many—perhaps most—Americans and Latin Americans have continued to sympathize with

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most of Cuba's social revolution. But when it is perverted, as it has been, into an instrument of world power politics, the situation is different. The United States cannot and should not oppose social change. But neither can it avoid meeting squarely a declared enemy, manipulated by overseas imperialists. This is precisely what is happening now.

President Dorticós, titular head of the Cuban state, whose sympathies are certainly Communist, has just concluded a series of visits through South America. Everywhere he went, he endeavored to enlist the governments he visited in activities directed against the United States; he indulged in vilification of this country that the State Department has protested as "slander"—a mild description. In recruiting the support of other governments, he failed decisively. But he also was trying, possibly with more success, to strengthen organizations of left-wing extremists, Communist-dominated labor unions, and similar elements in each country he visited, with the exception of Brazil, where he was given no opportunity. In Venezuela, Betancourt did not receive him, angered by Dorticós' open courting of left-wing anti-government elements in Caracas. The Mexican government, which resents Castro's interference in internal politics, pointedly made its sentiments clear by running large newspaper advertisements when Dorticós arrived; the message was that Dorticós as a guest was entitled to politeness; the implication was that courtesy should be extended despite the fact that the Mexican public had no cause whatever to love him. In a number of Latin-American countries members of Cuban embassy staffs have been expelled for intriguing in local politics. In all cases, Dorticós endeavored not merely to stir up sentiment against the United States but to organize a crusade, which incidentally was to be a crusade against the local governments as well as the United States.

The picture is made complete by the announced visit of Khrushchev to Havana and the proposed visit of China's Chou En-lai either at the same time or later. Reports multiply that Cuba will enter the Soviet orbit by joining the Warsaw Pact or by ceding a Cuban military base, air or naval, to the Soviet Union. The base would be useful for the Russian Badger planes which now can fly over the United States but cannot return. These reports have not been denied, though Raúl Castro recently announced that Cuba would not demand the return of the United States base at Guantánamo, since it is obsolete anyhow.

Meanwhile Castro and his group rant that all must join in defense of Cuba against invasion by the United States. Have we forgotten that Soviet troops were sent to Hungary on the pretext that they must fight American armies on the banks of the Danube?

Not Intervention but Defense

What should the United States do? The answer, I think, is fairly plain. Fortunately, this time we are not alone. The governments of most Latin-American states have little or no sympathy with these new tactics. Most, if not all, realize that they too are under attack. Certainly the strongest of them—Brazil, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela—are thoroughly aware of the trouble-making capacity of Communist groups and their allies, especially if financed and armed from abroad. Brazil, which has one of the best foreign services in the world, is perhaps most actively conscious of the possibilities. There is ample reason to believe that agreement can now be reached on common action to maintain regional peace.

An immediate system of control of traffic in arms for the Caribbean area ought to be set up, preferably by the Organization of American States. By the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro (1947), the American states have already agreed that armed attack by any state against any one of them shall be considered an attack against all, and each has undertaken to assist in meeting the attack.

The proposed arms-control system might follow lines similar to President Roosevelt's famous declaration at the beginning of the Second World War, proclaiming a quarantine zone controlling the activities of belligerent warships in order to prevent the spread of hostilities to this hemisphere. In this case, no vessels or planes carrying arms should be allowed in the area without a permit from the arms-control authority. The control should be rigidly enforced.

The United States and any Latin-American countries that care to join (I believe most would do so) should be prepared to oppose by all necessary means any movements or governments that are manipulated overtly or covertly by forces outside the hemisphere. This is not a breach of the nonintervention principle. All the American countries have been committed for twenty years, certainly since the Act of Chapultepec in 1945 and the Charter of Bogotá in 1948, to resist the extension of totalitarian government and to oppose political operations dominated or directed from outside the hemisphere. We ought to know by now that wars of aggression are no longer declared. They are dressed up to masquerade as "national" movements, though conducted with foreign arms, foreign money, foreign technical direction, and often foreign "volunteers." What I am suggesting is not intervention but defense.

Naturally a sharp distinction should be made between Communist aggression and the political and economic changes that are obviously necessary in much of Latin America. But the best friends of democratic progress in the hemisphere must always be implacable enemies of camouflaged foreign aggression. We need no Russian or Chinese tyrannies to effect social changes.

Implementing this determination, a thoroughgoing Latin-American Marshall Plan agreement for the economic rehabilitation of the areas involved ought to be formulated at once. A good deal of spadework has already been done. A U.N. economic plan developed in Santiago under the leadership of Raúl Prebisch would make an excellent starting point.

The hemisphere has a golden opportunity to assert itself as a prime force for peace in world affairs. That opportunity will be lost if the situation degenerates into military or guerrilla disorder. The necessity we face now is not only to maintain public order but also to meet social and economic problems with energy, common sense, and generosity.

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Mr. Kishi Provides a 'Cause'

KENNETH ISHII

TOKYO

THE RECENT RIOTING here has brought about a sober reappraisal —not so much of the Communist influence in Japan, which remains slight, as of the basic weaknesses of the Japanese parliamentary system that helped bring the crisis about. There is also a reassessment of public thinking, which has shown itself far more susceptible to neutralist propaganda than was generally supposed, especially in regard to the new security treaty between Japan and the United States.

When the Liberal Democrats, by virtue of their numerical superiority, pass a bill the Socialists oppose, it is Socialist practice to complain of the "tyranny of the majority." When the issue is sufficiently controversial—ratification of the new security treaty with the United States, for example —they are wont to resort to a boycott of the Diet, the notion being that any legislation the government party acts on in the meantime is invalid. This attitude is hardly consistent with true parliamentary democracy, and it cannot entirely be explained by the fact that parliamentary democracy in Japan is still young and immature.

With the ratio of strength two to one in favor of the conservatives, and little likelihood that it will change greatly in the foreseeable future, there is no immediate prospect of the Socialists having to face the responsibilities of power. Indeed, except for the brief months of the Socialist-led coalition in 1947, the Japanese Socialists have never had any practical experience of government. This colors their actions and helps to perpetuate the chief criticism that was directed against the Socialist movement before the war: that it had been led astray by theoretical arguments unrelated to practical realities. Lacking the political perspective of their European counterparts, who grew up with the reforms of their day, the Japanese Socialists had a ready-made set of reforms thrust upon them, and the suddenness of their emancipation tended to accentuate the theoretical clashes between the various wings and factions. Indeed, when Suehiro Nishio and his fellow right-wingers seceded from the Socialist Party last fall to form the Democratic Socialist Party, many considered it merely another phase in the many splits and mergers that have marked the fifty-year-old history of the Japanese Socialist movement. As with the Liberal Democrats, the faction, rather than the party, is usually the political unit to be reckoned with.

The Sohyo Machine

The Socialists' inability to break through the "one-third barrier," as it has come to be called, stems largely from their close relationship with —or more accurately dominance by —Sohyo, the Marxist-tinged General Council of Trade Unions, whose membership of three and a half million makes it by far Japan's most powerful labor organization. The Socialist Party membership includes a large number of men who have risen from Sohyo ranks. At the same time the Socialists are almost exclusively dependent on Sohyo for election funds—funds that Sohyo significantly likes to distribute to individual candidates rather than to the party itself. The dependence is further compounded by the ineffectiveness of the party's organization, which makes it necessary for campaigning candidates to rely heavily on the Sohyo machine both locally and nationally. Yet in becoming a party dedicated to the interests of the organized worker, the Socialists have in effect entrusted their political fate to a segment of the electorate that is not large enough to vote them into power. Japan today has 41,330,000 persons gainfully employed, of whom 20,170,000, or a little less than half, are salaried. But of the salaried population only about seven million belong to organized labor.

There is another aspect to the Socialist-Sohyo relationship. About seventy per cent of Sohyo's members are government workers—the National Railway Workers Union, the Telegraph and Communications Workers Union, the National Teachers Union, and so on, from which labor draws its most militant Left. From such large labor concentrations came the masses that were used in the recent riots.

IT MUST BE pointed out, however, that the crisis the left wing was able to manufacture and the mob violence it led to were due to many factors over which neither the Socialists nor Sohyo had direct control. One is Premier Kishi himself. While it seems impossible in Japan to be prime minister and popular at the same time, Mr. Kishi has been subjected to more than the usual amount of distrust because of his role in Japan's wartime cabinet. In attacking him, Japanese newspapers employ an editorial venom that makes American practice seem mild by comparison. In a way, this is a reaction to government suppression during the militarist period. Today criticism of those in power is felt to

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be a newspaper's duty, though at times it is carried to irresponsible extremes. Whatever their motives, the newspapers succeeded in convincing millions of readers that Mr. Kishi was an ogre, and that although his party had the necessary majority, the manner in which he rammed through ratification of the new treaty was the gravest possible violation of democratic government.

The Socialists were not slow to grasp the opportunity. With the Japanese economy prospering as never before, with wages up and television and washing machines within reach of almost all income groups, the Socialists were becoming desperate for an issue they could exploit. Kishi provided the issue. Sohyo willingly supplied regimented demonstrators to riot against both Kishi and the treaty. Other civilian groups, more interested in peace than in party politics, were swept along.

Complacency and Catastrophe

The tide proved irresistible to large sections of the populace. Having undergone the horrors of a disastrous war, including two nuclear attacks, the Japanese people have an overwhelming desire to avoid another. To the man in the street a military alliance, by definition, creates the danger of involvement in war. The collapse of the summit talks, the presence of three U-2s in Japan similar to the one shot down over the Soviet Union, the Kremlin's threat to destroy U-2 bases in any future violation of its air space—all these contributed to an atmosphere of intense anxiety.

The government, complacent in its parliamentary strength, is certainly to blame for having done almost nothing to present its case to the people. It could, for example, have pointed out that the new treaty eliminates almost all the inequalities that the Socialists claimed made the 1951 agreement unacceptable. The old treaty, while giving the United States the right to maintain military bases in Japan, did not commit the use of U.S. forces to defend Japan. In the new pact the United States accepts this obligation. Under the old treaty Japan was powerless to prevent American forces here from being sent into action in a third country—which might, the Japanese feared, take retaliatory action against Japanese soil. The new treaty provides for prior consultation between the two governments in such matters. The old treaty was of indefinite duration and could not be abrogated without American consent. The new treaty is renegotiable at the request of either side after ten years.

Disunity and the Unions

Recently there has been a good deal of concern among Socialists over the possibility that they may be alienating public support by identifying themselves too closely with Communist tactics—particularly with the activities of Zengakuren, the Communist-controlled All-Japan Federation of Autonomous Student Bodies. Zengakuren claims almost half of Japan's 700,000 college students. Actually only about 40,000 are demonstrators—the majority of them motivated by a desire for peace and the thrill of the limelight rather than by a leaning toward Communism. As long as Zengakuren kept its violence within "reasonable limits" like fist fighting with policemen, the Socialists saw no reason to discourage it. But the mobbing of Mr. Hagerty and the rioting and bloodshed in the invasion of the Diet grounds have led to serious second thoughts—

along with some anxiety lest the Zengakuren excesses boomerang on the Socialists. Provided there is no further violence, the Socialists may escape unscathed from this dangerous association. There is a general belief that they may gain a few seats in the next general election—some at the expense of the Liberal Democrats and some at the expense of the Democratic Socialists. The right-wing Democratic Socialists could conceivably end up the biggest losers. With a present total of forty members in the lower house and seventeen in the upper, they are too weak to be a serious threat to the main Socialist trend.

It would seem that under Japan's present circumstances Mr. Nishio's moderate Socialism with its broader popular base would have wider appeal than the class party Socialism of the Left. But as the Socialist Party's fortunes are linked with Sohyo, so the future of the Democratic Socialist Party is tied to Zenro, the right-wing trade-union movement.

In the view of Haruo Wada, Zenro's secretary general, it was the Sohyo-Zenro confrontation that brought about the recent Socialist split—or as the left wing would prefer to say, Mr. Nishio's "expulsion." Be that as it may, from a practical standpoint the situation is one in which Democratic Socialist chances in an election depend on the support Zenro can give. And though its affiliated unions control close to one million members, even Mr. Wada admits that it cannot hope to match Sohyo for several years.

The birth of the Democratic Socialist Party represents an awareness that in order to challenge conservative supremacy, Socialist policies must swing further to the Right. It is an awareness that many left-wingers might also express if they were not so dependent on the left-wing trade unions. But in the immediate controversy over the security treaty in which the choices have been presented on a black-or-white basis, Mr. Nishio and his followers have been caught in the middle—and left out.

THE MAJORITY of the press has failed to censure the Socialists' acts of violence, and such an attitude can hardly discourage similar acts in the future. Furthermore, as long as the prospect of a Socialist government remains as remote as it is now, the Socialist Party will probably not learn to behave differently.

It is the trend in democratic nations that the greater the economic well-being of a people, the lesser become the differences between its political parties. Japan seems to be an exception. As one observer remarked, "Her economy is of the twentieth century but her politics belongs to the eighteenth."

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A Visit with Adenauer

DANIEL SCHORR

CADENABBIA, ITALY

THE VIEW from Villa Collina is placid. Far below, the shore of Lake Como bustles with busloads of British and German tourists crowding the fusty hotels for their pension or demi-pension vacations. Up here, in wooded and flowered seclusion, it is a different world. The hillside retreat, rented from a French nobleman, is protected from the tourist world by a steep road and a staunch iron fence, guarded outside by German-speaking Italian police and within by alert German security officers.

Up here, from the rose-festooned railing of the hillside promontory, the view of the lake and the villages and snow-touched mountains across the lake is undisturbed. So is the viewer, West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who comes here for a month or more each year to tramp the steep paths with firm tread, to play the Italian bowling game of *boccie*, and to reflect on the reasonably satisfying world that stretches before him.

The area is rich, not only in beauty but in reminders of the dim and recent past. Over there, the chancellor shows you, is the island that marked the northernmost outpost of the Emperor Justinian's Byzantium after the breakup of the Western Roman Empire—the "Iron Curtain" of the sixth century. Down there is where Mussolini passed on his desperate dash to the Swiss border, only to be turned back and fall into the hands of Communist partisans, who executed him in a nearby village. Had he not lost his nerve, the chancellor observes, he might have fallen into the hands of the Americans and perhaps still be alive.

But the travails of other years seem swallowed up in the tranquillity of Lake Como. In this peaceful atmosphere even today's struggles take on a gentle remoteness.

This is no teeming summer White House. There is no German press on hand. An Italian news-agency "stringer" keeps a relaxed vigil in the hotel on the lake below to note the comings and goings of distinguished visitors. An Italian television crew visits to film an interview about how the chancellor is enjoying his vacation. One Foreign Ministry aide maintains contact with the government in Bonn through a direct telephone and a teletype line. There are two secretaries.

Always present is one of *der Alte's* three daughters, taking her turn at the father-sitting chore with the aging widower. Over all this the chancellor presides with a flow of easy banter.

Boccie at Eighty-four

At eighty-four, Herr Adenauer is proud, even a little vain, about his vitality. He takes off his glasses, unbidden, to show that they do not magnify, but only deflect the ultraviolet rays. In the afternoon there is much tiptoeing and hushing for the chancellor may not yet have awakened from his daily nap. But if you ask how he slept, he says briskly, "I didn't sleep, I was busy." With an exaggerated stage gesture he plants his bought-in-New York Tyrolean hat on his head and leads you down to the *boccie* court.

He plays at *boccie* with the zest that attends most of his activities. His playing style is revelatory of his personality. In stiff collar, vest, and jacket, he is a study in unworried concentration as he prepares to bowl. As the ball leaves his hand,

his head twists as though to guide it, to retain control. He plays to win and does not like to lose.

At Villa Collina, Herr Adenauer is relaxed, in high spirits. Lake Como is peace. Lake Como is lunch on the terrace, and quiet evenings with the records of David Oistrakh and Isaac Stern and a detective story at the bedside. The interviewer who takes him from all this is jokingly warned that he will have to sing a song as the price for an interview.

LIKE THE PROSPECT from Villa Collina, the chancellor's outlook on world events is sweeping and simple and unexcited. He does not try to peer deeply into Khrushchev's shifting tactics. "Today he speaks mildly, tomorrow he speaks very violently again, so that his opponents never know where he really stands. . . . What we require most is patience and, of course, vigilance. We must be on guard all the time."

Surveying the collapse of the summit conference, Adenauer is alone among western leaders in holding that the air-espionage issue was the real reason, not a pretext.

"Certainly Khrushchev did not torpedo the summit because Mr. Dillon and Mr. Herter made speeches which he didn't like. . . .

"He and his military people were astonished to find that the Americans were carrying on these flights. It was a shock to find that the United States was in possession of these photographs. And now he wanted to show, to his people and to his generals, by his behavior and treatment of President Eisenhower in Paris, that he was not afraid of the United States. . . .

"Of course, all the talk about violation of Soviet air space was nonsense. I was told by the late Secretary Dulles that if the Russians wanted to photograph the United States, all they had to do was to charter a plane and take all the pictures they wanted. But the Soviets did not know that the Americans were able to take these photographs of their country."

(Adenauer did know about the overflights—presumably he had been informed by Dulles—and he reveals with a sly grin that he saw some of the pictures.)

Khrushchev, the chancellor believes, did the West an unwitting favor—"saved our skin"—by aborting the summit on the issue of air espionage and by calumny against President Eisenhower. His activities tended to unite the West, rather

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than allowing it to proceed to a crisis over Berlin, which might have created pressures against western unity.

"I think this summit would have failed anyway. True, it was prepared very thoroughly on the western side, along the lines that the West is thinking. But I always remembered, during the pre-summit period, what my friend Dulles once said. He said that a summit conference could offer prospects for success only if properly prepared through diplomatic channels, and that was not so in this case. All that was prepared through diplomatic channels was the agenda."

IN PINNING the summit failure on the U-2 issue rather than on the western stand on Berlin, Adenauer was in a sense absolving himself of blame. I reminded him that Khrushchev had accused him of spoiling the pre-summit atmosphere, calling him "an evil spirit rushing around from capital to capital."

The German leader replied: "Well, as long as he was in Paris he didn't mention me. He didn't mention my name. But then when he was back [in Moscow], he needed a scapegoat before his own people. I think I am as innocent of the breakdown of the summit conference as you are."

Had it not been for the U-2 flights, Adenauer repeats, "I think that Khrushchev would have come to the summit. And he might have waited to find out whether he could get some concessions."

Presumably there were to be no such concessions on Berlin. The chancellor had obtained assurances on this point when he went to Washington in March, worried about the outcome of the Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks at Camp David last September, by the agreement to hold negotiations on Berlin that would not be "prolonged indefinitely," and by the President's public reference to the situation of West Berlin as "abnormal."

"Now, it is a fact," the chancellor notes cautiously, "that President Eisenhower, in his statement after the Camp David meeting, said something different from what Khrushchev said. There was obviously a divergence between the two statements. And I do not know what happened at Camp David. But I would put more trust in President Eisenhower, so I think his version is right. But when I went to Washington last March, I can tell you, the attitude of both President Eisenhower and Secretary Herter was the same when I arrived as the day that I left."

Obviously, for quotation, Chancellor Adenauer cannot discuss his misgivings about American policy. Still there is reason to believe that he is less convinced of the President's firmness than of his good will. He feels that Mr. Eisenhower has a tendency to tell a visitor what he would like to hear and that there may have been enough of this at

Camp David to raise some hopes in Khrushchev's mind. Adenauer, in fact, has been anxious about America's course since the death of Dulles, for whom, he says, "there was no complete substitute."

It is doubtful whether, for the chancellor, there will ever be a substitute for Dulles, and in the year since the death of the Secretary of State, Adenauer has reconsidered the advisability of relying too heavily on anyone but himself. Today, he regards de Gaulle as a partial replacement for Dulles in international affairs ("de Gaulle and I have far-reaching agreement, both in our political views and our personal, human views"), but he holds back from complete emotional commitment.

"I think," he says, "that one should not make the mistake of trying to reach long-term decisions under the impression of a short-term constellation. I think that what you need, as your basis, are moral principles, sound principles, and then you will always find men who will help you to translate them into reality."

Private Advice

Adenauer believes that, more likely than not, there will be another summit, mainly because Khrushchev needs one. Because of this, the chancellor thinks the Soviet premier will not rock the Berlin boat in the next six months. It is Adenauer's feeling that the rest of this year may be decisive in East-West relations, not only because it will take us past the Presidential elections but also because he has heard from unnamed friends in America that the bargaining position of the United States will be strengthened during that time by developments in American defense capability. It is typical of the chancellor that such private advice plays a strong part in his thinking.

Until then, he believes, we need do nothing but stand firm. There will be some troubled times—a sharpening of Communist agitation around the world, including attempts to infiltrate the West German trade unions. But he feels all this can be weathered, and then we will enter a clearer period.

I suggested that perhaps Khrushchev is thinking in similar terms, waiting for developments favorable to him—possibly including Adenauer's exit from the political scene. The chancellor's eyes twinkled.

"That may well be what he would like to see happen. But for the time being, I do not intend to meet his wishes. . . .

"I do not believe it is the proper approach to base your whole thinking on one person. Things are changing in Russia, in Germany, in France. Look, for example, at our co-operation with France! It is not yet two years old, but nevertheless has introduced a new historical element into the European scene.

"I am convinced that there are

(Continued on page 32)

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also changes that will take place in Russia. Evolution is bound to have its effect. I do not mean by this that Khrushchev will be overthrown. He will see to it that he is not overthrown. But I think that the people will exert a greater influence. And when they are better off, their attitude may be milder. They will want to be left alone, in peace.

"I do not base my calculation on the thought that Khrushchev may one day no longer be head of the Soviet government. But I think that he will have to draw certain conclusions, for himself, from this development within the Soviet Union, and also in all probability from the development in China. Perhaps he is not very pleased about the way things are going there."

ADENAUER'S notice to Khrushchev that he plans to stay at the helm in West Germany "for the time being" has domestic political implications. The advance maneuvering is in full swing for the 1961 elections, and Adenauer is surrounded by would-be successors who have not yet recovered from the shock of the reversal, a year ago, of his decision to move from chancellorship to presidency.

Adenauer is fully aware of the succession problem and also that the Social Democrats have a serious contender in Mayor Willy Brandt of West Berlin. But despite the air of buoyancy that Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard assumed after his recent visit to Cadenabbia, the indications are that Adenauer has not yet decided to step down or to select an heir.

"I have had several persons in mind," says the chancellor. "But then, when I thought of somebody in particular, when he was faced with a difficult political situation he very often showed that he lacked the qualities required for it.

"Now, the result is that you have to look for somebody who will meet those requirements. It would mean a great deal to me if I knew that there was somebody to whom I could pass on the work I have done so far . . .

"I am thinking of some persons. But I think that for the present I am still required, both for my party and for my country."

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V. Broadway

MARYA MANNES

ALTHOUGH BROADWAY'S only reason for being is the theater, the name covers more than a single artery and less than the capital of entertainment in the United States. More, because Broadway includes the side streets east to Sixth Avenue and west to Eighth Avenue; less, because although all the major theaters are housed in this area, they are only a part of the life that breathes its air. Here the extremes of innocence and corruption meet, and the mecca for performers and their public is also an open ward—unstaffed, unsupervised, unlocked—for people without purpose or with low purpose.

The real innocence of Broadway is seldom visible to a visitor. It resides on the stage of an empty, darkened theater, where six or ten or fifty people in casual dress sit or move or talk under the tired light of a bare bulb and heed the voices of dark shapes in the empty orchestra. In the days of rehearsal, when a play is born, hope and excitement fill the cavernous air. To these men and women and boys and girls, to the actor, the dancer, the singer, the director, the jazz musician, this illusion is the passionate reality, the whole of life. What is outside it or beyond it is a distant dream, and the only purity, call it dedication, that you will find in Broadway is in this wall-less realm. For performance is an act of faith. When a boy dances or a girl sings or an actor speaks his lines, he believes not only in what he is but what he does in the moment of doing it. Whether he is alone in a cold theater or warmed by an audience, this belief is his utter immunity. If the play or musical keeps running, each performance is a renewal of faith, and the magic contact between player and public a pure joy. If the play closes, the tragedy for the performer and writer is also pure, and grief another immunity. Only these conditions of being protect them from the terrible commerce of Broadway theater as it now exists, which can no longer afford to recognize that area between success and failure where truth so often lives.

The Iron Lung of Commerce

For on Broadway money rules. Like a host of vultures, the ticket brokers, the speculators, the craft unions, the agents, the backers, the real-estate owners move in on the creative body and take their bite. The world of dreams breathes in an iron lung; and without this mechanical pumping it dies.

You see this greed in a Broadway first-night audience, of all manifestations one of the least innocent. For these people come not to give but to take, not to see but to be shown. They come to judge as buyers judge: Is the stuff worth my money or isn't it? Although some still dress for the occasion, there is nothing festive in their attendance and nothing gentle in their attitudes. "They," admittedly, are not all first-nighters: there are always the nervous and hopeful friends and those, stage-struck and audience-struck, for whom presence at a first performance is an addiction.

Nevertheless, the Broadway audience at any performance of any hit is a very different public from the playgoers of twenty years ago. The stamp of vulgarity is there, of indulgence, or coarse fiber. What is conspicuously no longer there is courtesy, whether toward fellow spectators or the performers. And a Broadway charity audience turns the theater into a convention hall, with recognition and gossip taking precedence over the play.

Everything, in fact, in this theater capital takes precedence over talent, without which it could not exist, and over brave new thinking, with-

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out which it may sink even further into the cutthroat business it has become.

The innocence is confined to the stage itself and those who perform there. But on the streets of Broadway are other innocents: the tourist transients who believe that Broadway is exciting, or rather who feel that it must be. You can spot them easily, for the difference between the out-of-towner and the native is marked by approach as much as by attire. Walking slowly, they gaze at the "sights" without expression: up at the huge electric signs and sideways at the half-naked women on movie marquees. They drag their listless children behind them; the women with fussy little white hats and too many colors and accessories, the men—in open-neck sport shirts or two-toned cardigans—dressed for the barbecue pit. Up and down they walk on Broadway, where nothing in this entertainment world seems to divert or delight them but where the fact of having been there will be their reward.

You can see them eating in a fishbowl restaurant, pale in the neon light as they chew their jumbo burgers; you can see them lingering outside a record shop as rock n' roll blasts at them from within; but these days you hardly ever see them going into a movie house or a theater. It is not shows they want, but sights; and they are not at all sure what sights they expect to see or want to see. They have been on Broadway.

THE OTHER INNOCENTS are the soldiers and sailors, for they come there for a high time, ready to spend their accumulated pay for everything from a steak dinner to a strip tease, from a real chick to a movie about lost girls in nudist camps. Slowly they amble up Broadway, their eyes cruising and catching the eyes of girls who are looking for them. On every block these girls saunter, some not more than fifteen years old, their buttocks hard in toreador pants, their eyes like houris', their mouths exercised on gum and obscenity. There is nothing they have not known since they were six except love, and nothing they are prepared to give for nothing. If the signals work, the boys and the girls will join at a bar on Eighth Avenue. And the next day the boys will boast of Broadway and broads while their heads are heavy as stones, their mouths full of ashes and their wallets empty. And those who found no girls will make them up.

To the innocents, the true hideousness of Broadway is neither apparent nor disturbing. The urban American, no matter where he lives, except perhaps in San Francisco or Washington, D.C., is so conditioned to ugliness that the squalor of Broadway at daytime and the twitching glitter of Broadway at night are only matters of degree compared to his own downtown Main Street. There is more of everything, including people; and quantity has for so long been sold us as a substitute for quality that it exerts a fascination for those who have never known the nature of worth.

It is on this ignorance that the predators feed, giving much of Broadway the shabby tawdriness of a boardwalk in a cheap resort. Here Harry the Hick can buy a rubber belly dancer or a denture ashtray; and Lou-Ann can buy Fabian beanies for her kids. The merchandise is uniformly hideous, but it must sell, for the merchants stay in business year after year, relying on fresh waves of innocence and provincialism from other cities.

The honky-tonk of Broadway has its special odors too: peanuts roasting, pizzas and burgers and frankfurters frying in old grease, and the chocolate breath of candy shops. There is a certain smell from the cheap luggage stores, too, not so much leather as plastic, and one of musty paper from the jumbles of secondhand books. Then there is the strong chicken smell of broilers barbecuing in rows on spits, and the strong beef-and-charcoal smell from the steakhouses, where the red-faced old promoters and press agents and politicians eat, and the charge-account boys from the Middle West and the West.

Dancing in the Light

But is there not in all this, you might say, a surging vitality, a sense of bustle and health? Broadway is the home of jazz and comics and performing frenzy and the quick buck: it has a fast pulse and a glittering eye. In the blaring lights, windows of clarinets, trombones, bongo drums, and saxophones wheel and overlap with the nudes, the marquees, and the endless parade of feet like an old-fashioned montage set to rapid blues. But this is surface excitement only, enticing the bored, the bewildered, or the profoundly naïve. Its essence is akin to the St. Vitus's dance of the young punks around juke boxes: a mindless jerking devoid of joy or gaiety.

Even the raw sex of the strip-tease joints is deadly serious, for the customers if not for the providers. The hush in the dark as the women approximate copulation in the light is so dense that the men appear not to breathe at all; their total stillness a cover for their inward stirring, their assumption of clinical study fooling none.

Broadway never sleeps, but Broadway is full of places for sleeping. Every so often in the obituary pages

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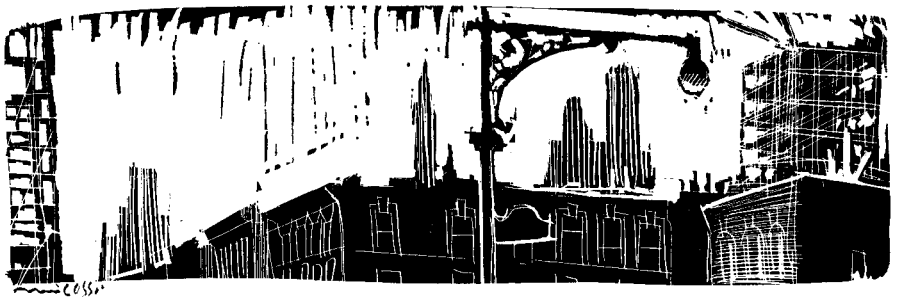

of the New York papers a paragraph like this appears: "Mary Belle Blossom, Actress" . . . "Miss Blossom, known as Broadway Belle in the early twenties, died at the age of seventy-five, after a long illness. Although noted for her musical comedy roles in such hits as 'Kiss Me, Willy,' and 'Oh, You Kid,' Miss Blossom is also remembered for character parts in such road company productions as 'Mother's Angel' and 'What Katy Did.' She was found dead in her room at the King George Hotel, where she had resided for the last thirty-years. Miss Blossom leaves no survivors."

THE ENTRANCES of the King Georges are barely discernible between the bar signs and pizza counters and music shops that crowd them on either side; the air in their grimy lobbies and halls is stale from want of oxygen and soap and water, and the passage of a thousand nights of smokers; their windows are never washed, and on the sills higher up you will see in winter the cartons of milk and the paper bags of fruit which people like Mary Belle have no other place to cool. There can be no peace, ever, in these rooms because the neon circuits never fail, and those lit by their flashings all night long must either be nerveless, drunk, or drugged, or themselves work at night and sleep by day.

Who are they? Some transients of course, bedding as cheaply as they can nearest to the distractions they want, but mostly people whose jobs or hopes bind them to these streets: jazz musicians, bit actors, night-club waiters, old promoters, young fixers, whores, and all the fringe that cling like drowning fingers on the edge of the raft of show-business. Those on the raft do not live in the King Georges: they do not have to. Nor, indeed, do the residents have to, except through a kind of sickness, a profound delusion of self that leads them to believe that here is life and they are at its center.

THERE ARE better hotels in the Broadway district; a few old ones that manage somehow to retain a certain decency and propriety, hospitable mainly to working professionals or old ladies of good habits; and the newly remodeled big brash ones, where the sightseers and the business people go. These are harshly modern and brilliantly lit and they might be anywhere across the country. They have the chain stamp: the same coffee, the same paper mats, the same service without solicitude that has made our hotels the automated and charmless shelters they are.

In any case, the transients in these big places are mostly outsiders coming to find excitement, glamour, or profit on Broadway; and the regular patrons of the little shabby places are the insiders, for whom it is life.

Between them are the street dwellers, who live nowhere: those without purpose, destination, or address. And a walk on Forty-second Street from Broadway to Eighth Avenue will show you all you want of the dislocated. These are the youths who mill around to fill their emptiness with feelings of violence in a dozen different ways: by the shabby sex movies that promise Savage Rites and Naked Abandon in blowups showing the straining breasts of bound women; in "bookstores" that offer a mountainous clutter of pornography along with the current paperbacks; in windows of knives where a thicket of blades stab and glitter; in record stores where in a blaze of lights a blare of sound pounds on the ears and the thumping beat of idiot lyrics drowns out thought; in fun parlors where they can shoot or play Fascination for hours, filling nothingness with the click of balls. All these are oxygen for stillborn souls.

What these boys cannot stand is silence. And it is hard to tell whether the juke-box beat they twitch to soothes their savage breasts or, again, merely provides one more insulation from an unbearable reality. They share with the older drifters—the red-eyed unshaven alcoholics who weave and shuffle—a world without shape.

No, Broadway takes shape only on its stages, and nowhere else. Unlike Forty-second Street or the cross streets in the forties east of Fifth Avenue, the streets west of it, between Broadway and Eighth, are dedicated to the business of the theater, with only a few bars and restaurants to distract from the playhouse façades, marquees, and entrances. Soberly dark after midnight, discreet and closed in the mornings and five afternoons in the week, they burst into light and bustle at night and on matinee days, opening up to a tide of people and disgorging them two hours later.

On a street like Forty-fifth with six theaters along one block, eight-thirty is the hour of acceleration and expectation as the cabs stream up and the playgoers swarm and policemen on horseback direct the converging currents. Then the myth of Broadway becomes fact, and the words "smash hit" are electric in meanings as well as in signs. Then there is destination in these streets, and a natural purpose.

And after the theater, a place like Sardi's has its purpose too, or rather a double purpose: to key up the spectators while it unwinds the performers. What it sells, beyond food, is the sense of status that the presence of celebrities seems to confer on some; and, to the celebrities themselves, a place for shop talk among their peers, a place to be seen without effort, a tangible measure of their success. It is, above all, the tavern of the profession, open to the unprofessional. And although it is an obvious target of satire—the hopeful starlet pretending poise but alert to all glances, the TV "personalities" saluting right and left, the press agents plying their trade from table to table, the flutter of "darlings" from the lips

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while the eyes appraise—vitality is there too, and that special warmth which actors always bestow as the charming, decorative, eternal innocents they are.

Was Broadway always like this? In certain ways, yes. The tourists, the drifters, the bums, the petty crooks, the young on the prowl, the barflies, the purveyors of vice—these have always belonged to it. The lights have always dazzled at night and the blaze of theater marquees (more golden in my youth in the absence of neon) has always gathered the playgoing moths in clusters.

Only the Braid Is the Same

What then is the difference of years? Two things, mostly. One is the astounding emptiness of most of the big movie-house lobbies. The braided footmen are there, the woman sits in the glass box office, but except for a smash hit like *Ben Hur* there are not only no lines of people as there used to be, but hours with no one at all buying a ticket. And this for pictures performed by stars and well reviewed.

Television has killed the newsreel houses as it has killed vaudeville, having pre-empted both functions; and there is no place now, as there used to be, where a half hour could be spent between appointments to be informed or amused.

Broadway always had the gaudy cheapness of any center of popular entertainment, but there seems little question that physical deterioration and an increase in shoddiness and vulgarity have in the last two decades gone hand in hand, to the detriment of the city and its citizens. Parts of Broadway are blighted areas, the perfect setting not only for sporadic sins but for vice organized on a big and dangerous scale. Good people live everywhere, and Broadway has its share: the cheerful waitresses, the brave old failures, the genial drunks, the generous delicatessen owners, the yearning and vulnerable young with dreams of glory. But they live in a citadel of cynicism, where the human being is a sucker since he was born, and where there is no place between fame and failure where he can live and work. This is the major brutality Broadway imposes on its one reason for being: the theater.

The Boys on Gorki Street

PAUL JACOBS

He came up alongside me as I was walking down Gorki Street in Moscow, a wide ugly boulevard whose sidewalks were crowded with people going from shop to shop or office to office. I was carrying a large manila envelope, which he stared at for a moment.

"Is that jazz record?" he asked, as I continued walking.

"No," I answered, "it's not a record. It's just some papers."

"Are you American?" he continued.

"Yes, I'm an American."

"You got jazz records you want to sell? Or maybe you want to sell clothes? Or bucks?"

I stopped for a moment to look at him, struck by the fact that although his English was heavily accented, it was surprisingly colloquial. He seemed to be about twenty-eight or thirty and he was reasonably well dressed.

"Look," I said, "I won't sell you any jazz records, clothes, or dollars and I haven't the slightest interest in ikons. But if you'd like just to take a walk with me, I'd be glad to talk to you and happy to buy you a cup of coffee."

He studied me for a little while and then he said, "All right, let's walk."

"Are you a student?" I asked him as we strolled down the length of Gorki Street.

"Why you think that?" he answered cautiously.

"Well, first, you speak pretty good English and students have the best opportunity to learn English. Second, from the looks of your hands and clothes, you're not a manual worker. Third, it's a weekday afternoon and if you worked in an office, that's where you'd be instead of on the street."

"Yes," he said. "I am student although I'm almost finished. In few weeks I defend my diploma and then after summer I work in office. What are you?"

"I'm a journalist, here in Moscow as a tourist."

He clapped his hand over his mouth in surprise and horror. "A journalist!" he said incredulously, and his eyes studied the street around us. "Are you being sleuthed?"

"No, I don't think so," I said. "At least I haven't seen any signs of it. But let's be careful anyway." And we continued down Gorki Street, side by side, each stealing curious glances at the other.

In the days following our first encounter, Vladimir and I got to know each other very well. (I shall call him Vladimir, although obviously that is not his real name.) I visited his apartment and watched him work. He is a black-market operator, and it was with his help that I saw the Soviet black market from the inside.

A Little 'Business'

The Soviet black market that deals with foreigners is concentrated in Moscow, although there are signs that it is developing in other cities like Leningrad where there are also large groups of foreigners. It exists on a more primitive level in a seaport like Odessa where ships from all over the world bring sailors from all over the world. There is another black market, too, an internal one, for Russians who want a windowpane fixed or a sewer drained, or some building materials, and are unwilling to wait an endless time for a state agency to do the work, even if they can manage to determine which agency is responsible for doing it.

For foreigners, contact with the black market most often comes on the main floor of GUM, the large department store facing the tomb of Lenin and Stalin on Red Square, or on the streets near the Moscow hotels. If the tourist is accompanied by an Intourist guide, or if there is a militiaman (the Russian equivalent of the city policeman) hovering around, then nobody will approach him. But if the tourist is obviously alone, a cautious advance is made—a tentative reaching out for a little "business."

It is easy for the "boys," as they

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call each other, to identify foreigners. Russian clothes are remarkably ugly and remarkably distinctive, so that anyone wearing anything else is automatically assumed to be a foreigner. But there are some foreigners who are extremely dangerous game —like the diplomats who occasionally take a walk instead of driving their cars, which are invariably followed by Russian agents in their own cars.

"Once I go up to man near one of hotels," said Vladimir, after he had grown to trust me, "and ask if he is American. He says me yes he is, he is from American embassy. So I run down alley, jump in taxi, get out in little while, take other taxi and go back ways for a long time. That scare me plenty."

Vladimir and the other boys are just as expert at spotting the security police as they are at determining who is a foreigner. One day when we met to visit his apartment, Vladimir told me, "You're not sleuthed today." When I asked him how he knew, he said. "You can always see when somebody is sleuthed. Police all wear dirty gray suits and always same ties. Always blue or red. Cars they use are all same, too. One my boys is sleuthing you now so I know everything's all right."

The boys involved in the black market are unique in a number of ways. Many of them are comparatively young—only a few years out of their real boyhood. Many of them are students, according to Vladimir. Among all the people operating in the black market in Moscow today, about eighty per cent are in their last years of training at the university. Their black-market activity is based not only on a desire for the material advantages gained from the money they make but also on their resentment of the Soviet order. I discussed Hungary with Vladimir, for example, and discovered that he not only knew a great many details of the Soviet role in the suppression of the Hungarian revolt of 1956, but was also caustically critical of the Russians' actions. When I asked him where he had learned about it, he told me that one of his friends had been a soldier in the army sent to Hungary, and had described to him, bitterly and at length, the role that had been played there by the Russian forces.

Another time when Vladimir and a friend of his were strolling with me, we discussed anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. They described a fight during the previous summer in a Moscow park when a group of Jewish students were attacked. I asked if they had participated in the fighting.

"We fight for Jews," answered Vladimir.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I am Ukrainian," answered Vladimir, "not Russian. Men hitting Jews are Russians, Russian workers. And Jews are students. Some I know. Some are friends, not business friends, just friends. So we fight for them."

"Was it a bad fight?"

"No, not so bad. The workers have things on their hands of metal but we study judo now. Was all right."

"Are there many fights like this?" I inquired.

"No, this is only one I ever have. But sometimes I hear about other things that happen to Jews. I don't think Russians like Jews."

In their private lives, the boys are self-consciously non-Russian. They dress in the American or English-Italian style whenever they can, wearing pants with very narrow cuffs, sport coats, and shoes with fairly pointed toes. They Anglicize their names among themselves. One afternoon Vladimir and I were walking about Moscow when I saw a well-dressed young man coming toward us, accompanied by one of the few pretty girls I had seen on a Moscow street. As they approached, Vladimir told me that the young man was one of his friends, but when they drew abreast of us there was no sign of recognition. I asked Vladimir why his friend had failed to acknowledge him.

"He thinks I am on business with you. Wait here and I will tell him we are friends and make no business."

Vladimir stopped the couple and talked animatedly with the young man for a few minutes. When he returned to me, I pointed out that his friends were dressed rather conspicuously and that their clothes would mark them out for the notice of the police.

"Oh, we never dress up when we are on business," Vladimir answered. "When we have business we dress like I dress now. I wear no good clothes when I have business, I wear only Russian clothes."

A Way Out

For young people like Vladimir and his friends, operating in the black market appears to be the only way they can satisfy some of their aspirations, intellectual as well as material. Through their illegal activities, they get enough money to buy the foreign books that do come into the country one way or another, the tape recorders they use to record or play jazz and modern music. "Books are like meals to us," one of them said to me after I had given him a copy of *Animal Farm*. Later, he told me of his reaction to the book and how he was already passing it along to his friends. When I cautioned him to be careful, Vladimir interrupted and said, "We only give things like that to boys we know. We all know very much about each other; we know what things we all have done."

The lack of privacy in Soviet life was one of the complaints I heard most frequently from Vladimir. We talked of how difficult it is for the young people to have a romance when they can only make love in public places because the apartments are so crowded.

Vladimir is one of the aristocrats of the "business." He deals primarily in money, "bucks," although he sometimes gets involved in an operation buying clothing from foreigners or selling ikons to them. The Moscow black market deals primarily in those three commodities—"bucks," clothing, and ikons, in descending order of importance. The ikons, the least important item of the three, are sold to tourists while the clothing and "bucks" are purchased from them.

There are two kinds of ikons: authentic and unauthentic. The authentic ikons are usually stolen from cemeteries or family tombs by watchmen or guards who then sell them to some contact in the black market. The ikons that do not come from cemeteries or family tombs come

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from artists' workshops. They are transformed into antiques by having a few holes bored into them after they have been charred over a gas stove—the charring was done once while I watched. As Vladimir explained, what difference did it make as long as the tourist is happy?

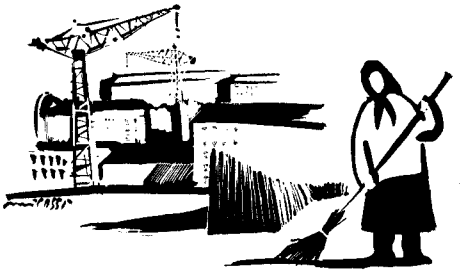
The clothing business is somewhat more complicated and not so easy to transact. But there is a steady demand in Moscow for American and European clothes, both because of their quality and their style. Washable shirts, suits, or dresses are almost completely unavailable through the normal Soviet channels, and light raincoats, either cloth or plastic, are also in short supply.

THE BOYS classify foreign tourists by their willingness to sell their clothes. By this criterion the Finns are liked the best, the Americans and English least. "A Finn would sell all his clothing and go home naked if he could," Vladimir told me. When I asked why, he explained that the Finns take the rubles they get for their clothes and buy vodka with it. In Finland, there are very strict laws prohibiting the sale of more than a limited amount of liquor, and so when some Finns get to Russia, they either go off on a huge drunk or try to bring the vodka back with them to Finland.

After one of the boys makes a successful contact for a purchase of clothing, the exchange must still be transacted. Since it is very difficult for a Russian to get past the lobby of a hotel in which foreigners stay, the swap of the clothing for rubles usually takes place in a park, out walking, or in a taxicab. The foreigner brings the clothing wrapped up in paper and the boys carry briefcases or small satchels. Sometimes the merchandise must be examined, and this usually is done in the hallway of an apartment house or an empty public latrine where it is considered safe to stay for a few moments. After the price has been agreed upon and the exchange made, the boys duck out on the street, hop into a cab, change to a streetcar, and end up at one of their numerous caches in the city. Only very rarely is any merchandise kept in the boys' own homes, particularly if they are still living with their families.

Vladimir told me the boys were having some difficulties at the moment, difficulties which they discuss at the frequent "seminars" they hold to exchange technical information about their problems. He always used the word "seminar" to describe these sessions. When I pressed him about it, he smiled and said, "We are students, so we have seminars." The introduction into the black market of suits made from synthetic fabrics has created a new problem. The boys don't quite know yet how much these suits actually cost and some tourists have cheated by saying that the clothes are far more expensive than they actually are.

Money transactions in the black market are the most dangerous of all and therefore also the most profitable. The American dollar is the currency most sought after. This is not so much a tribute to the financial stability of American currency as it



is to simple arithmetic. American money is the easiest to understand and therefore the most valuable. When I was in Moscow, one American dollar would bring from twenty to twenty-five rubles on the black market, in contrast to the ten rubles for a dollar that is the official tourist exchange rate.

The American dollars are purchased by Russians for three reasons, according to Vladimir. First, Soviet officials leaving the country to attend a conference or meeting in the West need dollars. Since rubles are not permitted out of the country, they cannot be used to buy a watch in Geneva, a shirt in London, or lingerie in Paris. For purchases made outside the Soviet Union, *valuta*—hard money—is needed. And the officials about to leave the country are usually willing to pay somewhere around forty rubles a dollar, thus enabling the boys to make a one hundred per cent profit on the deals they put through.

The second main market for dollars is in the smuggling trade, especially for goods coming from Turkey. Here the decimal system has great virtue. "Smugglers, they not so smart at figures," said Vladimir. "They cannot figure English bucks. They understand American bucks."

The least important market for the "bucks" is their sale to Soviet citizens who hope some day to get out of the country. But Vladimir and his co-workers are very cynical about the purchasers' chances of leaving. They believe that the people who purchase dollars for this purpose are just foolish.

Passing the Buck

Dealing in dollars is extremely dangerous, even though the Soviet government must be aware of the black market's existence and tolerant of it to some extent. I was told that while it is reasonably easy to bribe a militiaman if you are caught with clothing that doesn't belong to you, it is almost impossible to do this if you are caught buying or selling foreign money. In such cases, the security police usually make the capture; if the culprits are caught by the militiamen, they are turned over to the security police.

The usual way to carry out a money transaction is for the foreigner to get in a cab with one of the boys. The cab driver may himself be part of the operation, and I was told that even some of the police are involved in the clothing and ikon businesses. Once in the cab, dollars are counted and the cab is driven to another spot where someone else is waiting with the rubles. The exchange is then made and the tourist leaves in the first cab with the other two splitting up and disappearing into the city. The dollars are sold as quickly as possible to a Russian contact and so passed on until they eventually reach their final destination in the pocket of a Soviet official, the shoe of a smuggler, or the hiding place of a dreamer.

Students caught dealing in clothing or ikons and unable to bribe their way out are immediately expelled from school and lose many of their civil rights as well as every opportunity for future advancement:

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Vladimir told me of one girl who had been caught with quite a lot of clothing. After she was expelled from school, she was permitted to get a job as a typist in a small office in Moscow. "Now," said my mentor, "she lives under magnifying glass."

"For how long?" I asked.

"Few years, maybe, but she always need to worry."

The usual penalty for getting caught buying or selling money is not only expulsion from school and loss of all civil rights but a ten-year jail sentence as well. If the prisoner is willing to serve out his sentence in a work camp, the sentence is cut in half. But even five years in a work camp is a heavy penalty. In addition, after release, the convicted man must live under the 101-kilometer rule—he may not come within 101 kilometers of any large city. He must live out his life in a small town.

Why, with such great risks involved, do these students take the chance when they know that in a few years they will be earning fair salaries by Soviet standards and, again by Soviet standards, leading fairly comfortable lives? When I asked that question I almost always got a vague answer.

THE black market is one way the "Angry Young Man" in the Soviet Union rebels against authority —one way Vladimir and his friends can express their contempt for the values of the U.S.S.R. To me these boys seem basically nihilistic, rejecting not only the standards of Soviet civilization but those of the outside world as well. At the same time, they are realistic and practical about their own futures.

"What will you do after you've finished school and are working?" I asked Vladimir. "Will you stay in the business?"

"No," he said, "I get out then. But I keep up with my friends and someday someone asks me if I know where he can buy shirt. Then I get him shirt and we all are happy. Also after I defend my diploma I wear better clothes all the time and have my tape recorder in my house because I am no longer student."

I said good-by to Vladimir for the last time as we took a walk again down Gorki Street where we had met first.

Graduation at Farmville

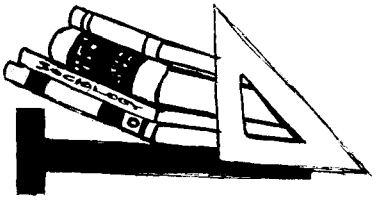
JOHN I. BROOKS

THE CROWD began to arrive early for the graduation exercises. Into the nine-year-old auditorium of Longwood College filed several hundred white citizens of Prince Edward County, all in a mood for self-congratulation. For alone among Virginia counties, theirs had averted the threat of desegregation in the face of a Federal court order to end racial discrimination in its public schools. Last summer the county's supervisors abandoned public education, locking seventeen hundred Negro children out of their classrooms and sending fifteen hundred white pupils into a long-planned private-school system.

This night, the eighth of June, the upper division of Prince Edward Academy was to graduate fifty-six seniors. Surely the South would be listening, for all year long it had been watching Prince Edward's experiment in bitter-end defiance. It was a time for heroic words.

The speaker was equal to the occasion. At the rostrum stood the towering figure of William J. Story, a former football coach, superintendent of South Norfolk schools, member of the Virginia State Board of Education, and ardent segregationist.

"Here you have done that which you were not bound to do," Story told his receptive audience. "You have shown the state and the nation



that there are still some people who will not bow down to illegality."

The word "illegality" needed no interpretation for Story's listeners. In the heart of a Black Belt county in southern Virginia, it can only mean the desegregation decisions of the Supreme Court. And until last year's school closing, Prince Edward County's chief claim to fame was its inclusion among the five communities cited in the Supreme Court's historic decision of 1954.

From the county's rolling, heavily wooded hills, 1,200 farms have been carved, averaging 120 acres in size and growing chiefly tobacco. Slightly more than half the farmowners are white; a heavy majority of the nearly six thousand workers and tenants are colored. Farmville, the county seat and retail and marketing center, has some light industry, a sizable tobacco market, and block upon block of white-frame and red-brick houses.

The county boasts two colleges: Longwood College at Farmville, scene of the academy graduation and the oldest women's college in the state, and Hampden-Sydney, a men's school with a national reputation for academic excellence. Except for these colleges and Farmville's industries, the county is typical of the Black Belt area.

Two Kinds of 'Stickability'

The county first made the headlines with a Negro student "strike" protesting conditions at the R. R. Moton High School in 1951. This demonstration was followed by a suit to desegregate schools, decided in the 1954 ruling of the Supreme Court. But it was not until the following year, at the time of the court's so-called "implementation" opinion, that white residents took serious alarm.

"It was then that we realized that we had our backs against the wall and something had to be done," said B. Blanton Hanbury, Farmville manufacturer and president of the private-school foundation, on the day before the graduation exercises. "I happened to be president of the local P.T.A. at the time, and a group made up of the P.T.A.s from each district got together. The week following the decision we had a mass meeting, at which it was decided we'd rather close the schools than integrate them."

The Prince Edward School Foundation was quickly established. It raised a little cash and $190,000 in

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pledges and stood by, waiting for the crisis. Last year it came when an N.A.A.C.P. appeal from a district court ruling resulted in an order by the U.S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals for school desegregation in the fall of 1959.

As Hanbury and other foundation officials listened to Story's graduation address, they could look back on a number of accomplishments during the past year. Their private schools had secured quarters in church facilities and lodges, the high school had won state accreditation, the students had done about as well academically as in the past, the percentage of students accepted by colleges had been equal to the normal record for the former public high school, and the foundation expected to reach the end of the fiscal year with its bills paid and a little in the kitty. On the surface at least, it had been a big success. But neither education nor race relations can be regarded as settled problems in Prince Edward County.

THE ACKNOWLEDGED spokesman for the Negroes is the Reverend L. Francis Griffin, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Farmville, county co-ordinator of the N.A.A.C.P., and quasi-official shepherd of the Negroes who since 1951 have been battling for desegregation.

During graduation week at Farmville, he reported on the status of the Negro families whose children were forced out of school last year. "Morale is just as high as ever," he said. "The people have no more regrets than before." Last winter a group of whites offered to provide private schools for Negro children, and the Negro pastor predicted that his people would ignore the offer. There was one application for admission to the projected schools. The whites recently renewed the offer, and Mr. Griffin forecasts about the same result.

Of the 1,700 schoolless Negroes, he said, about two hundred were sent to schools outside the county. The rest of the Negro children whose families remained in the county were out of school, but during the winter Negro leaders organized non-academic "training centers" around the county, and they were attended by about 650 children.

One training center was operated at the rural home of Mrs. Flossie S. White. With the help of a neighbor who had once taught school, Mrs. White managed to keep fifty-five children occupied in the basement of her home for eight hours a day. Among the group was her own ten-year-old son, Harold, who would have been in the fourth grade. She said the youngsters conducted discussions of the day's news, learned poems, and played games.

"I was sorry when it closed down, but not *real* sorry," she confessed. And what about next year? Her answer was firm: "If the schools don't open in September, I think I have enough stickability to stick it out."

When Mrs. White spoke to me, neither of us was aware that on the following day N.A.A.C.P. attorneys would file a motion in U.S. District Court at Richmond aimed at forcing the reopening of Prince Edward's schools. Whether or not this legal move is successful, the fact that action has been taken will certainly do much to buttress the "stickability" of Mrs. White and the hundreds of other Negro parents whose children have been out of school or away from home at school during the past year.

Something of a record for stickability can be claimed by George P. Morton, who put down the reins of his plow horse and came out of his tobacco field to talk about the school situation. Morton was the grandfather and guardian of one of the participants in the 1951 school strike, and he still has a school-age grandson for whom he is responsible. When the whites came up with their offer of private schools for Negroes last winter, expressing concern that the Negro children's education should not be interrupted, Morton turned them down. In explaining his decision, the old farmer spoke contemptuously of what he regards as white paternalism: "Why should I follow men that don't acknowledge Almighty God and the Supreme Court?"

Selling the Schoolhouse

While the Negroes were standing their ground, a new issue arose to deepen uneasiness about the private-school foundation within the white community itself. This was the question of the sale of closed public schools to the private-school operators. Virginia law permits a county school board to declare a school "surplus" and sell it at auction. The statute also provides that a petition signed by ten per cent of the county's voters can force a referendum on a sale of school property, the results of the ballot to be binding on the school board.

In January, foundation leaders asked the school board to put Farmville High School, the only white high school in the closed public-school system, on the auction block. Many white citizens, believing that sooner or later public schools must be reopened, were alarmed at the proposal. They regarded it as a threat to the possible restoration of public education and a heavy gamble on the success of the foundation. The school board declined to sell the high school without a referendum.

The foundation spokesmen said they would not force a referendum, declaring they did not want to "put pressure on the board." This was not, of course, their real reason for refusing to initiate a vote. As a matter of fact, they continued to put considerable pressure on the board, and on April 26 five of its six members startled the county by submitting their resignations. The five never specifically referred to foundation pressure, but former chairman Lester E. Andrews commented that "We were just sitting there and being heavily criticized for not doing what had been asked."

If a wish to avoid pressure tactics was not the reason for the foundation's refusal to force a referendum, what were the group's true motives? Foundation president Hanbury came

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close to giving a candid answer to this question on the day before the graduation exercises when he declared, "We didn't want to divide the county."

The foundation probably would have carried the day in a referendum by a comfortable margin, for white dissenters were and are a minority and Negroes make up only about a fifth of the registered voters. The price, however, would have been too great, for in the process of winning the election the private-school operators would have destroyed one of their most precious assets, the carefully cultivated illusion of unanimity among the white people of Prince Edward County.

FOUNDATION OFFICIALS have always admitted the existence of some opposition, but they have tried to create the impression that it has been confined to "a few professors up at Longwood"—the phrase is that of J. Barrye Wall, Jr., the private-school foundation's young attorney, who attributed the noblest of motives to the professors but described their approach as "unrealistic."

The fact is that a number of leading Prince Edward businessmen, farmers, and professional men, as well as some less prominent citizens, have been meeting for some time to discuss alternatives to the dead end of closed schools. They seek as much secrecy as is possible in the close-knit community, for fear that they might be labeled "integrationists"—a tag that could bring social ostracism, economic pressure, and the loss of whatever influence they might have.

Besides shattering the image of white unity, a referendum campaign would have made public much criticism of the foundation that is now only whispered. For example, one point of pride with the foundation is the loyalty of the seventy white teachers and principals of the closed public-school system, sixty-six of whom taught for the foundation. This generates snickers among the foundation's critics, who point out that virtually all of the public-school teachers were "captives," mostly women married to men working in the county or supporting elderly relatives rooted there. Despite this prevalence of captivity, eight foundation teachers will not return next fall.

In one respect the foundation has been forced to admit a weakness. A year ago attorney Wall was saying the organization would not accept the tuition grants the state government was making available to parents of children in private schools. His reasoning was that state aid in any form, even to parents, might prompt the courts to rule that the foundation schools were in effect public and therefore subject to integration. During the year now ending, the private schools were operated entirely on funds collected by voluntary subscription. Recently, however, the foundation conceded that tuition would have to be charged. Wall now says the foundation will take no interest in where the parents' fees come from.

Last February, Hanbury announced the purchase of land for a $150,000 building to replace some of the temporary facilities the classes have been using. Many predict that the project will prove a heavy burden for the foundation.

Take a Close Look

Perhaps the hottest of the controversies over the school closing is the debate over its economic effects. The county school board recently pointed out that about $400,000 worth of state aid formerly given to public schools was no longer coming into the county. The group of white dissenters includes many who are worried about the economic pinch this has caused, although some of the loss could be restored next fall if parents collect tuition grants and keep their children in foundation schools.

The long-range economic picture for the country is even more disturbing to the foundation's critics. This year's census returns show a ten per cent decline in population for Prince Edward since 1950. The drop followed a general trend for southern Virginia, but no one has claimed that the absence of public schools will serve as an inducement for new business and industry.

As of graduation day, the critics of the foundation were just talking quietly, feeling out new approaches to the tremendous problems gripping the county. Certainly none of them is apt to advocate desegregation, and yet they realize that any solution short of the present bitter-endism would probably require the co-operation of the county's Negroes. In such a situation, the best hope for restoration of public education may lie in the N.A.A.C.P.'s lawsuit.

Right now the dissenters are not hopeful about the immediate future. But those I talked to were unanimous in one prediction: no other Virginia county will follow Prince Edward's example. And they would counsel those areas in the Deep South now toying with the idea of closing their public schools to look closely at Prince Edward.

BUT AT Longwood College on the evening of June 8, it was as if no dissent existed and the future prospects were glorious to behold. The crowd listened in approving silence as William Story warmed up to his subject, offering an inspiring series of illustrations of heroic resistance: the Greeks at Marathon, appropriately opposed by a Persian tyrant "with a mixed group of soldiers of all races"; the Christian Europeans beating back Attila the Hun; George Washington at Valley Forge; and, of course, "the Confederates who held that impossible line at Petersburg for ten months."

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Notes from New York's Underground

ROBERT BENDINER

If New Yorkers cared as little about their private as about their public forms of transportation, they would now be driving around in grimy 1925 Hupmobiles, ten persons to a car, expecting momentarily to stall, and resigned to erratic travel as part of the natural order. They do no such thing, of course, turning in their automobiles for new models every two years, as good Americans should. But the subway cars they own in common with their fellows are another matter. I am not technically competent to have an opinion on whether the New York rapid transit system has degenerated from "the safest railway in the world" to merely the luckiest, as critics have suggested, but it requires no technical knowledge to observe that the subways can no longer be relied on to get you to your destination on time, that they run with even less *scheduled* frequency than they did twelve years ago; that they lurch, screech, and jolt; and that their routes are totally bewildering to the hapless stranger, who rarely encounters an official source of help but navigates as best he can on misinformation from his fellow passengers.

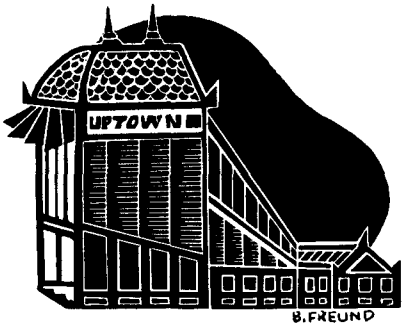
Lest this critique seem too subjective, let me hastily set down a few simple but arresting facts:

Item: While the London Underground figures on thirty-five years as the life of a car, close to a third of those on the IRT branch of the New York system and nearly half of those on the BMT go back to the era of Woodrow Wilson. Further, on the Myrtle Avenue Elevated line one rides to this day on wooden cars that went into service in 1904, when the mayor was George McClellan, son of the Civil War general, and Robert Wagner was six years short of being born.

Item: This year for the first time an attempt is being made to loosen the crust of dirt, grease, and steel dust from tunnel walls that have gone a half century without washing, to the detriment of equipment and passengers alike. Last year the exteriors of the cars were washed down for the first time in the subway's history.

Item: In 1959 an average of some sixteen trains a *day* were delayed five minutes or more (shorter inconveniences were not even counted). Delays of half an hour and more occurred 304 times.

Item: Largely as a result of debris and discarded paper on the tracks, there are, according to the Transit Authority, at least three hundred small fires in the subway system every month, the acrid fumes from which occasionally seep into cars, not to mention the customers' lungs. The entire Grand Central area was



turned into a first-aid center on June 7, when several hundred smoke-poisoned passengers had to be led out of the subway along catwalks and through emergency exits.

Item: Trains that ran at intervals of three minutes in 1948 are now scheduled on a headway of five or six. A four-minute wait has lengthened to eight, and a headway of twelve minutes, the maximum in off hours a dozen years ago, has been stretched to twenty and more.

A Passion for Economy

Such data, of course, do not altogether capture the general air of deterioration and ineptness that hangs over the system at its shabbiest—the fans that fail to cool and the doors that fail to work; the newspapers and candy wrappers that in off hours ripple along the floor of half-empty trains; the perilous gap in some stations between the platform and the cars; the sooty windows through which one peers in vain for a station designation that is not there; the drafty, unguarded, dimly lit platforms and the unspeakable toilets; the wooden roof of the dilapidated Dyre Avenue station blown off in a storm and the honky-tonk fragrance of flyspecked bazaars in the Times Square and Union Square stations. What speaks more eloquently of general decline is the simple fact that while over two billion fares were dropped at the turnstiles in 1947, only 1,324,282,000 were paid in 1959. The number of passengers is back to the level of 1922, when the city was thirty-eight years younger and twenty-eight per cent less populous than it is today.

The impoverishment of New York's rapid transit system (a comparative phrase) has a full quota of explanations. The measure of truth in all of them demands at least passing acknowledgment, though they hardly seem to get to the heart of the matter.

To the sociologist the reason for the difficulty lies in that source of all urban ills, the migration to the suburbs. Those who have to ride the subways to work still do so, the story goes, but women who formerly flocked to midtown Manhattan to shop in the afternoon or to see a matinee now buy at the stores' far-flung branches. And when they do come in for an afternoon on the town, commuter trains bring them directly to the center of the shopping and theater districts.

To the crusading press, with an appropriate eye on the immediate, the subway's troubles lie in the Transit Authority's consuming passion for economy, a preoccupation with budget balancing that the New York *Post* describes as a "determination to live by the rules of old-fashioned Republican economics." This view is heartily echoed by the Transport Workers Union, which could hardly be expected to cheer the boast of a recently resigned authority member that "reduction of the work force by 5,000 people [in

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three years], as well as the introduction of new work practices, has resulted in an annual saving over $25,000,000." It is true that the work force was generously padded in the old days when the city directly controlled its transit system—it was a "politician's dream," according to students of the subject—but morale was bound to take a beating when ten-car trains were limited to a single conductor, inspections were reduced to the minimum, and even an automatic windshield wiper on a motorman's cab was treated as a luxury.

The Great Big Nickel

To the political historian, the subways' woes are deeply rooted in the long years when motherhood and the flag combined were less sacred in the city's politics than the five-cent fare. To preserve the world's biggest nickel's worth of transportation, a whole parade of mayors, the great La Guardia included, treated New Yorkers to cheap subway rides while rolling stock went unreplaced, tunnels went unwashed.

Insofar as today's three-man quasi-independent Transit Authority concedes that the subways are open to criticism—the concession is limited—its explanation embraces several of these views, naturally excluding its own parsimony. Some of its personnel are also inclined to assign a certain measure of responsibility to the public itself. "If it weren't for people," I was told anonymously, unofficially, and rather wistfully, "we would have a good subway." The discarded paper that winds up on its underground tracks, an engineer pointed out, is nothing compared to the rubbish that is dumped on tracks of the BMT lines that operate at ground level or through open cuts in parts of Brooklyn. Any day's cleanup on these stretches is likely to yield a half-dozen old tires, innumerable beer cans, quantities of milk bottles, and the like; and trackwalkers frequently pick up broken television aerials, coat hangers, and even an occasional bedspring. This debris often causes short circuits or catches the emergency tripper on a car wheel, bringing the train to a devastatingly sudden stop. By way of amusement, juvenile delinquents from time to time tie a rock to the end of a rope and swing it against the window of the motorman's cab, and throughout the system vandals regularly work at breaking electric bulbs when they are not engaged in scrawling graffiti on advertising posters. The severest critics of the authority do not question the fact of all this malicious mischief; they merely wonder why the agency cannot screen the cuts and provide adequate policing.

Beyond responding to such simplicities with the equally simple argument of economy—the authority is obliged by law to keep maintenance costs within revenues—the agency can document its contention that matters have improved considerably since it took over control five years ago. A long-range program of rehabilitation is well launched, with the latest evidence noticeable on the IRT. It has recently assigned 110 new and modern cars to its West Side line, rebuilt stations here and there, put in fluorescent lighting, begun to scrub down tunnel walls, is working on a new express stop at 59th Street and Lexington Avenue, and in general is providing faster and cleaner service. Even the underground crime rate has decreased to the point where the chief of transit police recently claimed that "a woman is safer riding in the subways than she is walking along a dark street"—a modest boast, to be sure, but a straw in the musty wind that blows constantly through the city's underground.

It's Worse Above Ground

If Charles L. Patterson, the authority's chairman, is perhaps overly prudent about money for maintenance, he is forthright and farseeing about the need for replacing capital equipment, a financial responsibility that still rests with the city government. His request for 1960 was for 540 cars—at $120,000 apiece—and his plans for 1961-1965 call for 1,620 additional replacements in a fleet that totals some 6,000. "No private business," he rightly points out, "could survive long if it permitted its physical plant and services to deteriorate and its operating costs to rise as a result of insufficient investment and replacement. Yet this is precisely what is happening in New York City, and still there are advocates of greater austerity in capital expenditures."

Mr. Patterson and his two colleagues, Joseph E. O'Grady and Joseph F. Periconi, actually expect to bring the transit system through the current fiscal year with a surplus. The subways, as distinct from the surface lines, will show only a minor deficit compared with last year's, and this without an increase in the fare. They attribute this hopeful augury, in part, to a slight upturn in the number of riders, won back presumably by improved service. But more disinterested sources point to disguised city subsidies to explain the return to budgetary health after decades of deficit and bankruptcy, and are inclined to attribute the slight increase in patronage less to improvements below ground than to the constantly more appalling condition of traffic on the surface.

The truth appears to be that Mr. Patterson's very gradual program of reform, frustrated as it is by repeated failures to get anything like all the capital he wants, shows little prospect of ever catching up with the constantly advancing need. It is believed that his penchant for economy has long since squeezed out the waste in the system and become in itself a bar to the kind of drastic overhauling that is called for. Yet the authority is doomed to pinching pennies and the city is doomed to pinching dollars as long as transportation in all its forms is treated in separate compartments, by separate agencies, and with separate financing, as though they were detergents competing for a market.

BASICALLY, the subways are caught in a vicious circle, the contours of which have been permanently fixed by law. After decades of

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private ownership modified by bankruptcy, the city took over the lines in 1940 and gave them thirteen years of deterioration tempered by handouts. "During the thirty years in which I have been a resident of the city of New York," said Governor Thomas E. Dewey, "transit has been an abused and shabby political football." Whereupon he turned it into a shiny new political football. With additional municipal taxing powers as bait, he persuaded the city to turn the system over to a Transit Authority, appointed jointly by mayor and governor. The very word "authority" conveyed a sense of independence and efficiency derived from the legend of Robert Moses, who was still widely worshiped at the time, and the move

promised to allow indefinite rises in fare without saddling anyone in elective office with political responsibility.

But the independence was mythical and the scope for efficiency narrow. The authority was given the right to raise fares (except between July 1 and December 31, presumably to avoid political repercussions in an election year) but it was ordered to make them self-sustaining. The costs of maintaining the lines were to come entirely from revenues, with the city putting up capital for equipment, plus a few special items like paying the transit police force and making up the differential on reduced fares for schoolchildren. The authority, which at first consisted of five unpaid members working part-time, had only two choices if it was to meet the legal obligation to operate the subways strictly out of revenue: it could raise fares or it could reduce service. Since it had to look to City Hall for its desperately needed rehabilitation, it was never in a position to make a decision on fares that would embarrass the municipal powers—and they in turn could no more than ever be expected to relish the possible political consequences of an increase.

Politics aside, the authority was aware that fare boosts have driven passengers away wherever and whenever they have occurred. Theodore W. Kheel, impartial chairman of the transit industry, calls it a "mathematical axiom," proved many times over, that "Use of transit facilities in this country has gone downward in almost direct relationship to higher costs per ride, until now it is less than half of what it was thirteen years ago."

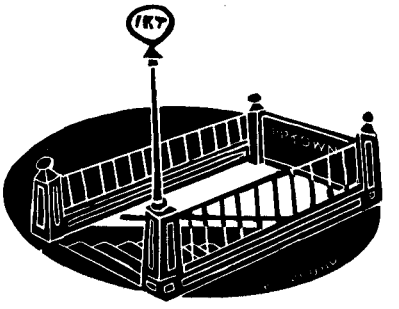
Accordingly, the authority fell back on reduced service. Agents were eliminated by the hundred, obliging travelers without tokens to walk the equivalent of a block in some Independent line stations before they could go through a turnstile and leaving night passengers at the mercy of predators on long, unguarded platforms. Other pinchpenny economies were effected throughout the service, as I have indicated. And, more important, the frequency of trains was sharply reduced. "Certainly we have made service cuts," said Chairman Patterson. "No sane-minded operator would do otherwise. But we have made them because the lines were not patronized sufficiently." And the more cuts that were made, the less the lines were patronized. In spite of the slight upturn currently noted, this would seem to be the logical trend. The city's mass transit lines carry only those who have no alternative while others unnecessarily choke surface traffic in a frantic and doomed effort to get somewhere fast and with a modicum of comfort.

A Unified System

Is there any prospect of breaking through this cycle, of enabling New Yorkers to travel public conveyances in something remotely approaching the style in which they insist on riding in private? To go back to city subsidies—and direct city control—would invite a return to the old-time inefficiency, make the transit lines a lush field of patronage and politics, and simply transfer a nonpaying operation from an agency called an "authority" to an agency called a "board." The only reasonable hope on the horizon is that those transit and traffic agencies which show a rich return be made to share less of their income with bondholders and more with the general public, to cease amassing a useless fortune and spread the wealth to mass transit lines, which need fiscal nourishment so desperately.

There are such agencies, and as it happens they are just the ones that have been strangling the city with automobiles, surely the least efficient and economical way to transport large numbers of people short of bringing them to town on horseback. These are the Port of New York Authority and the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, both of which pile up huge surpluses each year and reinvest substantial chunks of them in new bridges, tunnels, and other facilities. "Quite ironically," says Mr. Kheel in making this very point, these facilities "mainly aid and encourage the flow of additional automobiles into the city, thereby further undermining mass transit and clogging up our city streets."

It is not through any fault in the laws that created them that these rich authorities devote themselves to serving their bondholders handsomely and piling up equities in a growing network of projects while the Transit Authority is left to scrounge for dollars like a landlady in an actors' boardinghouse. They need only to be brought into line, and that idea is being more and more widely talked about. But such a step implies balance, which in turn implies planning. And at those lofty heights where the Port Authority's Austin Tobin and the Triborough Authority's Robert Moses have their being, "planning" is still a suspicious word, much used by dreamers and demagogues.



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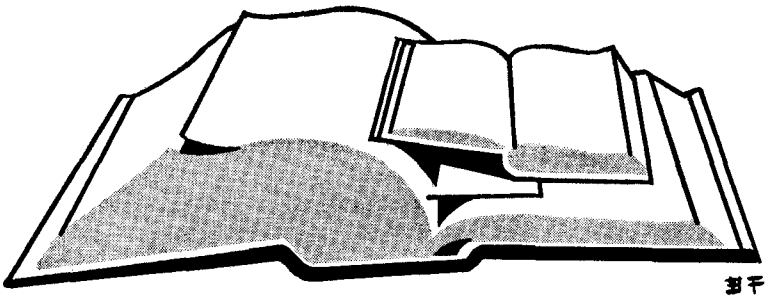

The Paperback Title Fight

MALCOLM COWLEY

In the accepted language of the trade, publishers don't publish books; what each of them does is to "bring out a list," which usually consists of "these outstanding titles." "Outstanding" means "salable, we hope," and a title might be defined as almost anything in words or pictures, except a magazine, that is printed, bound in cloth or paper, and offered for separate purchase. Even a magazine becomes a title if it is issued as part of a paperback series and sold chiefly in bookstores. Most of the exciting departures in publishing during the last few years, especially in the paperback field, have been due to a frantic search for titles, titles, any sort of title that will sell.

Consider the special plight of the paperback publishers. Last year they issued 1,912 titles, and this year's production is certain to be larger. They have learned from experience, however, that only certain types of books can be profitably sold as paperbacks. Where are they going to find the right titles to increase their flourishing volume of business?

The back lists of hard-cover publishers have always been their principal field for exploration, but now the field is being crisscrossed with fences. Most of the big hard-cover houses have decided that their back lists—consisting of all the titles issued in previous seasons—are among their most valuable properties and that the best way to exploit them is by issuing their own soft-cover reprints. Doubleday, Knopf, Viking, Harcourt, Random, Oxford, Macmillan, Harper, McGraw-Hill, and many others—even that archconservative of the publishing trade, Charles Scribner's Sons—are now putting the best of their back-list items into paper. When an independent paperback publisher approaches them for titles, he is usually offered only the second choices at best. Often he gets a flat refusal.

Of course there are many houses, including the smaller and newer ones, that are willing to release any title for a consideration. This takes the form of an advance against paperback royalties that might range from $1,000 to $200,000. The latter figure, a record, was paid for reprint rights to the Grace Metalious sequel and stinker, *Return to Peyton Place*. Paperback publishers wail about the prices set on such "premium books," but what really disturbs them is that only a small proportion of the ten thousand new hard-cover titles issued each year—perhaps one out of twenty—is suitable for paperback distribution. The supply of back-list items, now greatly diminished, was never enough to meet the demand.

Another field that paperback publishers explore for titles is the enormous accumulation of out-of-copyright books. The difficulty is that only a few thousand of these have any appeal to the new generation of readers. Among reprints of standard authors, the competition has become ruinous. There are now, for example, five separate paperback editions of *The Scarlet Letter* and at least four of Henry James's *The Ambassadors* (Anchor, Dell, Signet Classics, and Fawcett Premier). There are more than thirty paperback editions of other works by James, with two or three new ones added every season to compete with the rest.

Since present-day titles are becoming harder to find and those of the past have been thoroughly pawed over, it is clear that paperback publishers will be forced to gamble on the future. In other words, they will have to engage in some sort of original publishing, and that is what most of them have done already. On a recent Anchor list, six out of eleven titles were "originals," as the trade calls them. Arthur Cohen, the enterprising head of Meridian Books, says that his house has signed contracts for 120 paperbacks to appear within the next two years, and that eighty or ninety of these will be originals.

Here the difficulty is that paperback publishers are essentially packagers and distributors, not literary pioneers. Almost all their best-selling titles are those for which there is already a public demand, one created by trade publishers, book clubs, reviewers, enthusiastic booksellers, and successful movies. Operating on a small margin of profit, the paperback houses can't afford to take many risks or do much advertising in book-review sections. Of course those sections are never affected by financial considerations, never, but somehow they give vastly more space to advertised trade books than they give to paperbacks. Originals in a paperback series have to be the sort of book that can get along without advance promotion or front-page reviews. They are most likely to succeed if they aren't painfully original, that is, if they meet some existing taste or move in some established groove.

At this stage I have to explain, as everyone makes a point of doing, that there are two different types of paperbacks. There is the mass-market

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type, sold at prices up to ninety-five cents (this last for a reprint of John O'Hara's *On the Terrace*) and distributed through newsstands, drugstores, dime stores, and supermarkets—in all, close to 110,000 retail outlets. Essentially they compete with popular magazines. There are also the so-called quality paperbacks, priced from ninety-five cents to $2.95 (or even $3.95 in a few cases) and sold by about four thousand bookstores and college stores. Essentially they are part of the book trade, not the magazine trade, and they compete with standard works in hard covers.

The sort of original title likely to succeed in one paperback field, without benefit of advance promotion, is vastly different from that likely to succeed in the other. In mass-market publishing most of the groove books are action-packed novels, in such familiar categories as Private Eye, Secret Agent, Cowboy, Gangster, Beat, Hillbilly, Hot Rod, Science Fiction, Call Girl, Offbeat Sex, and Historical Sex with bitchy heroines. All these do well on the newsstands. They require no advertising beyond the four-color illustration on the laminated cover, which often shows a blazing gun or a girl with moon-rocket breasts. Sometimes the author's name has become familiar to the newsstand audience. There is one author of soft-cover originals, Richard S. Prather, whose fifteen books about a private eye will have sold twenty million copies by the end of this year, although not one of them has received more than a few lines of space in book reviews.

Among the quality paperbacks, groove books are usually nonfiction, and they are packed with ideas instead of action. One theory is that most of them are bought by readers under thirty, of the sort who regard "middlebrow" as a fighting word and who carry books as Westerners used to carry guns. These curly-bearded readers would feel defenseless if caught in the subway with a Gangster or Call Girl story. What they like to read—or at least to be seen with—is anything in soft covers that deals with such aggressively cultural subjects as existentialism, Freudian psychology, archetypal myths, Samuel Beckett, highbrow jazz, utter despair, Zen Buddhism, or medieval theology, all of which are now regarded as bookstore staples.

Another staple type of bookstore original, appealing to a somewhat different group of readers, is the paperback anthology of poems, plays, or very modern short stories. Culture is spreading faster than superhighways. Grove Press offers the Gallery Series of richly illustrated paperbacks each dealing with a modern artist. Macmillan, like some university presses, is trying the laudable experiment of publishing volumes of new poetry in paper, at prices as low as one dollar. Meridian has started a fourteen-volume series, Documents of American History, intended chiefly for college use. Both the bookstore and the mass-market paperbacks are undertaking new translations of the classics, a few of which have been extremely successful; thus, a prose version of the *Odyssey*, in the Mentor Series, has had a sale of more than a million copies.

THE SEARCH for original titles that won't require separate promotion has led to something else that is new in this country: periodical collections

of new writing to be sold in bookstores, where they are known as paperback reviews. *New World Writing* was first in the field; it was founded in 1952 by the adventurous New American Library, a mass-market publishing house. Early issues had a chiefly newsstand (rather than bookstore) distribution of more than 150,000 copies, something that was unprecedented for the avant-garde material they contained. But newsstand circulation declined, bookstore sales didn't make up for it, and the magazine required a great deal of editorial attention. It was discontinued in 1959 after fifteen generally distinguished semi-annual issues. By that time two younger rivals, *Discovery* (Pocket Books) and *7 Arts* (Permabooks), had also ceased to appear.

On the other hand, a whole collection of paperback reviews had been founded for distribution chiefly through bookstores. Some of them are *Evergreen Review* (Grove Press), the liveliest of the group and the only one that carries advertising; *Noonday* (Noonday Press), notable for its translations of European authors; *The Dial* (Dial Press), devoted almost entirely to new fiction; and *The Noble Savage* (Meridian), with a group of pretty distinguished editors bent on speaking their minds. This spring *New World Writing* was revived by Lippincott, a trade-book house founded in 1792. The oldest American publisher had entered the newest field of all.

Most of the paperback reviews are published twice a year, at prices from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Since their maximum circulation through the bookstores has been less than twenty-five thousand copies, they cannot be described as money-making schemes. But they print a quantity of interesting material, they lend prestige to publishing houses, and—the most important point—they unearth new writers, whom the publishers try to put under contract. In this respect, too, they are part of the never-ending search for titles.

ALL THE mass-market publishers are engaged in the same search as the quality-paperback series, and their need is even greater, since they now issue more than twelve hundred titles a year, as against seven hundred for the quality group. The newsstand branch of the trade has changed and matured since 1953, which proved to be a year of crisis. "We started out like magazine publishers," says Saul David, the editorial director of Bantam Books, "but then all sorts of people began to order titles from our back list. Suddenly we found out that we were in the book business." He looked up at the bright paperbacks on his office shelves. "We're getting more help from the magazine distributors," he added reminiscently. "They used to be a

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tough crowd, with a fighting spirit that went back to the Chicago newspaper wars. When a delivery man put his hand in his hip pocket, you expected him to pull out a blackjack. Today he doesn't drive an ordinary truck, he drives a bookmobile. When he reaches for his hip, what comes out is likely to be a paper-bound Camus."

In this new age of paper-bound publishing, there are only twelve

publishers in the mass-market field instead of the twenty that competed in 1953, and five of the survivors distribute something like eighty-five per cent of the "small books," as newsdealers call them. The five are Pocket Books, New American Library, Bantam, Dell, and Fawcett. Avon, which was bought last year by the Hearst Corporation, is trying hard to expand. Pocket Books, founded in 1939, is the oldest house, and it has marketed more than 750 million books in twenty years. Its best-selling author is also the best-selling American of all time: Erle Stanley Gardner, Perry Mason's papa, with more than a hundred million copies of his various works printed.

I believe every claim that is made for Gardner's sales, but the fact remains that statistics about the mass-market paperbacks are often madly optimistic. Speaking off the record, old hands in the trade say that 250 million of the small books were printed in 1953, but that nearly a third of them were returned unsold. Production had risen to perhaps 285 million in 1959—not an impressive gain in itself, but the percentage of unsold copies had been reduced by improved methods of distribution. Last year New American Library, probably the second largest house in the field, had a sales volume of $12 million, putting it well ahead of most trade-book houses but still behind a trade giant like Doubleday or a trade-and-textbook combination like Holt or McGraw-Hill.

Some of the recent expansion has been in two new fields for mass-market publishing: the export trade and American schools and colleges. Small books printed in this country are now being read everywhere outside the Iron Curtain, and they would be read in Moscow, too, if Russians were allowed to buy them. Publishers estimate that India alone will soon be absorbing ten million paperbacks a year, in spite of competition from England and from English-language titles printed in Russia. As for the school and college field, mass marketeers are invading it with new translations of the classics, new editions of standard authors, and reprinted works on science, history, philosophy, mathematics, and practically everything else that is studied, including (for California high schools) methods of hot-rodding the family bus.

Three of the mass-market houses—New American Library (with its Mentor Series and Signet Classics), Bantam (with Bantam Classics), and Dell (with its Laurel Editions)—have been especially active in the educational field. They are waging a fierce battle there with the bookstore paperbacks, and so far both sides have been gaining ground.

MEANWHILE the frantic pursuit of titles continues, with the result that mass marketeers are being forced to publish an always increasing number of strictly new books. Last year more than a third of their 1,200 titles were originals. Three-fourths of the originals—340 titles out of 451—were novels, and nearly all the novels were groove books aimed at meeting the predilections of the newsstand audience. It hasn't always been easy to find manuscripts with the right proportions of sex, felony, suspense, and blazing guns. Authors who can supply those ingredients turn up in unlikely places, sometimes as the consequence of a more or less pardonable weakness for doing first-hand research. "The best of my author-hunting expeditions was to a state penitentiary," said a paperback editor who asked me not to use his name. "I went there to interview one author, and he told me about two other prisoners who were writing novels. We're going to do well with all three titles."

Many of the paperback tycoons would be happier if they didn't have to publish original fiction. They have found that—except for stories by a few authors like Richard S. Prather—the titles with the widest newsstand appeal are those which have already been promoted in hard covers. This is especially true of hard-cover novels that have been turned into successful movies, like *Peyton Place,* which came close to breaking the newsstand record with its sale of more than eight million copies. The record is still held by *God's Little Acre,* which was also a hard-cover success before achieving its newsstand sale of 8.5 million. Hard-cover promotion is so desirable that it has led to another phenomenon of the paperback world, the "hidden original." A paperback publisher dreams up a book, finds the right author for it, and signs a contract. Then, with contract in hand—or perhaps the completed manuscript—he approaches a trade publisher and persuades him to issue a hard-cover edition, which will be promoted and sold for a period of time, usually twelve months, before the paperback appears.

Victor Weybright, the jovial chairman of New American Library, is responsible for more hidden originals than any of his rivals. Among a score of recent or forthcoming hard-cover books for which Weybright signed the original contract are *The Little War of Private Post,* by Charles J. Post (Little, Brown), *Mata Hari's Daughter,* by Emily Hahn (to be published by Doubleday), *The Young Freud,* by Charles Kaufman (to be published by McGraw-Hill), and *The Chapman Report,* by Irving Wallace, which is the big novel on Simon and Schuster's spring list. Some of these books, notably those by Emily Hahn and Irving Wallace, were undertaken in cooperation with a new Hollywood firm called Literary Projects Company. The firm, which is owned by two West Coast publicity men, Ted Loeff and Charles Bloch, undertakes to get larger advances for writers, based on simultaneous contracts with

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a trade publisher, a paperback publisher—New American Library—and a movie studio. Loeff explains that what he looks for in prospective properties is "showmanship first, literary qualities second." Showmanship first is what he seems likely to find.

Recently New American Library was sold to the Chandler interests of Los Angeles, but Weybright and his partner Kurt Enoch have retained control of its editorial and business policies. They are still looking for additional sources of newsstand titles. One project in Weybright's mind, though he doesn't like to discuss it, is that of forming a close association with a trade-book house. Two or three of his rivals are more outspoken; they say they would like to buy into a trade house or found a new one of their own, so as to find

access to the book market at all levels, besides getting more books written to order. Trade publishers listen and think, resentfully, that packagers and distributors are trying to dominate both the art and business of writing.

But why don't the trade-book houses meet this threat by issuing paperback originals of their own? Or, going still further, why don't they publish nearly all their books, including new serious novels and histories and biographies, in paper covers at very low prices, thereby reaching – presumably – a vast new audience? A few of the older houses, notably Knopf and Lippincott, are already trying the experiment with some of their new fiction. Grove Press has managed to create an "area audience" for its books, concentrated where the beards are, in Greenwich Village, North Beach, and the university towns. With the support of this audience, it is now publishing all its new novels in paper. There are several reasons, however, why other publishers are skeptical about the venture and why novelists and their agents often hesitate to sign contracts for books to appear solely as paperbacks.

Publishing truly original works at low prices is a different sort of undertaking from issuing quality-paperback reprints of books whose public standing has been established. Since the reprinted books have already been edited and set in type, and since their authors are willing to accept lower royalties, it is no wonder that they can be profitably sold in bookstores at prices ranging upward from ninety-five cents. "Everybody wants to do Whitehead in paper," Charles Scribner, Jr., says, "but who is going to find and publish the Whitehead of tomorrow?" Finding good new authors is an expensive process in terms of editorial time. Persuading the public to accept them is still more expensive in terms of money, and there is always the chance that readers will fail to be persuaded after the money has been spent.

Paper covers in themselves are not a tremendous saving. The difference in manufacturing cost per copy between a hard-bound novel at $4.50 and the same new work as a bookstore paperback at $1.45 is only fifteen or twenty cents. The big savings for the publisher are in advertising expenditures and in author's royalties, each reckoned at ten per cent of the retail price of a hard-bound novel in its first printing. The writer gets forty-five cents for every $4.50 copy sold in hard covers; after a certain sales figure, now usually ten thousand copies, his royalty rises to 67.5 cents. If the same book is originally published as a paperback at $1.45, he receives 14.5 cents per copy *at most,* and the usual royalty is about eleven cents. "Don't talk to me about the saving in cheap books," one literary agent said. "The biggest slice of it comes out of the author's hide."

So far, the financial record of new novels issued as bookstore paperbacks has been disappointing to authors and publishers alike. Book clubs haven't considered them as choices. Movie studios have bought rights to very few of them, always for lower prices than would have been paid for rights to hard-cover novels. Bookstores have sold more copies than might have been sold in cloth, but not enough more to compensate the author for his lower royalties or the publisher for his smaller per-copy revenue. A possible exception—perhaps the only one—is *Wake Up, Stupid* (Knopf), an entertaining novel by Mark Harris that had a paper-bound sale of twenty-five thousand copies; nobody knows, of course, what the sale might have been in cloth.

One trade publisher explained why he was embarking on what was almost certain to be an unprofitable venture. "The paperbacks are looking for titles," he said, "but we're looking primarily for authors. If we know a novel will lose money, but have faith in the author and want to hold on to him, we might as well reduce our costs by bringing his book out in paper. Then, in the present circumstances, we'll lose a little less."

The circumstances might change, like everything else in the publishing world. There is nothing inherently sacred in cloth bindings or in the traditional royalty scale of ten, twelve and a half, and fifteen per cent. If new novels in paper (or some other type of cheap flexible binding) could be sold at somewhat higher prices—say from two to three dollars, depending on length—and if the public would buy three times as many copies of each book, on the average, as it now buys of hard-bound novels, then publishers and authors would feel that the venture was on a sound basis. Perhaps the time will come when all new novels are published first in paperback editions, but they won't be sold at the prices of paperbacks today.

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The Mermaid at Puddle Dock

DAVID LAMPE

LONDON

IF YOU WALK a few blocks southward from St. Paul's Cathedral, through the old City of London's tight rows of walled-in bombed sites and even uglier new buildings, you will come to Upper Thames Street, a busy thoroughfare of wholesalers' warehouses. Among the warehouses is an unprepossessing but clean brick building fronted by four cast-iron Victorian fluted columns that have been painted maroon, topped with gleaming white Doric capitals. To the west of the building is Puddle Dock, a muddy little Thames inlet where a long low sailing barge lies moored, her fresh blue and cream paint setting her off as the splendid museum rarity she is. Entering the building by a doorway at the rear, you find yourself in the Mermaid Restaurant, crowded because Londoners are quick to discover such places. Its picture window looks out on the arches of Blackfriars Bridge and the Thames sweeping east toward Southwark, the "working" part of London's river, a busy mass of barges, freighters, and cranes. The food and drink are excellent and, by the standards of any capital city, modestly priced.

After the meal, most customers retrace their steps to the front of the building and pass between the Doric columns into a severely modern theater lobby where they can pause for drinks (coffee in one bar or something stronger in either of two others) or browse at a bookstall, the only one in a London theater lobby, before climbing the stairs into the auditorium of the Mermaid Theatre.

The Mermaid is the only theater built anywhere in London since 1930. It is small (five hundred seats) and narrow (forty-nine feet wide), with each of its nineteen rows a foot higher than the one in front. Even from the last row of five-shilling seats, sixty-five feet back, the full width of the stage is easily visible. There is no orchestra pit, no line of footlights as a barrier between the audience and the players, and the spectators in the fifteen-shilling front row can prop their heels on the outward curve of the stage's apron. As in Elizabethan theaters—on which this one is modeled—there are inner and upper acting areas, but neither proscenium arch nor curtain. Only the twenty-foot turntable makes the stage look different from Shakespeare's.

The house lights fade and the play begins. The action takes place first on one part of the stage and then on another, props are changed during blackouts, and we have the impression that we are seeing Elizabethan technique brought up to date by electronics.

HERE AT the Mermaid, miles away from the West End theatrical center, is the realization of a remarkable dream. The dream began

a few years after the war when Kirsten Flagstad visited the house that an actor named Bernard Miles had just bought in St. John's Wood, a north London borough. When she asked why he had not torn down an old shed out back, he explained loftily that some day that building would become a stage, and Londoners would crowd around it to watch the sort of theater they could see nowhere else.

Flagstad must have smiled at Miles's presumption. Then in his early forties, he was a moderate success in England as both actor and director, but no one had tagged him as a second Gielgud. His gangling frame, close-set eyes, sharp nose, and rather noticeable ears perfectly suited the benignly skeptical bumpkin roles he played regularly in films. His more serious parts on the stage also received good notices, but he seemed to be just one more theatrical professional. Still, if Miles wanted a back-yard theater, Flagstad said, he deserved it, and if he ever built it, she would sing in its first production—free of charge.

To finance what he did not anticipate would be a commercially profitable venture, Miles took on every acting job he could find—from movie supporting roles to BBC radio comedy. Branching out, he recorded comic monologues in a Chiltern Hill yokel twang he had picked up during his years as an Oxford undergraduate and had perfected during his many seasons in prewar provincial repertory. The records did so well that Miles played the Palladium. By 1951 he and his actress wife, Josephine Wilson, were able to announce the first two-month season of their Mermaid Players.

Audiences filled the St. John's Wood back yard to capacity for a revival of a seventeenth-century English opera, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas,* featuring not only Kirsten Flagstad but also Maggie Teyte and Edith Coates. London's more serious critics wrote approving notices of this and the next production, *Macbeth,* in which Miles spiritedly played the lead.

The more Miles earned elsewhere, the more plans he made for his Mermaid Players. He decided he must have a real theater of his own—not just a back-yard plaything but a place of bricks and mortar, a theater as spirited as those of Elizabethan days. The actors would feel their work a vocation, and the audience, he hoped, would be the sort of people who had abandoned the live theater for films and the "telly." Miles would lure them back by offering an evening of food, drink, and entertainment for as little as a pound a head.

When he put his plans before potential backers, they were gloomy. He wanted to offer too much for too little, they said. Many old established theaters, no longer able to pay their way, were about to be torn

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down and replaced by office buildings. Live theater in England was dying.

Miles bided his time. Then in 1953, when London was laying aside its mantle of postwar austerity for the Coronation, he wangled an invitation to take his Mermaid Players to the Royal Exchange for a brief season of Elizabethan theater. His achievement was historic; all public performances had been taboo in the oldest part of London for more than two hundred years, and even Shakespeare had been allowed to do a winter season in the Blackfriars Theater only because it was within the walls of a monastery (today the site of the *Times* offices, a few hundred yards from Puddle Dock). The eviction of the theater from London's business and financial center had caused Restoration impresarios to move west to the region where the biggest playhouses are still located.

The first Royal Exchange season was a success in every way. The Mermaid Players were invited back the next summer, and again in 1955. Each succeeding season was more handsomely mounted and more exciting than the previous one, and the St. John's Wood back-yard theater was completely overshadowed.

Continuing to support his wife and three children by taking more prosaic acting and directing jobs, Miles also continued to dream of a permanent theater. Since obviously he would never be able to own a West End theater, he would have to build his in the City of London. His persistence won him reticent support from businessmen friends, and in October, 1956, the City of London Corporation leased the Puddle Dock site to "Bernard Miles and other poor players of London" for a mere peppercorn rent. The property had been a warehouse until devastated by Nazi bombers in 1941, and only the low brick walls, four feet thick, and Victorian columns enclosed the rubble. Miles cheerfully cast around for builders' estimates—but the lowest he got was £80,000, much more than he could hope to amass in a lifetime of theatrical hacking.

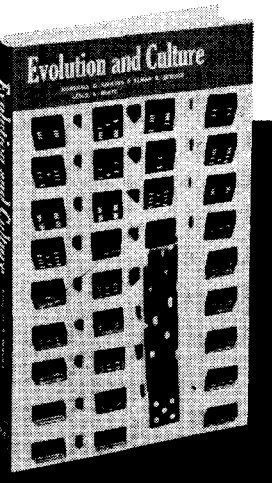
Undaunted, he decided to create the Mermaid Trust, a nonprofit body that would be able to solicit help but need offer nothing in return except grateful thanks. The Puddle Dock site remained untouched for a year after the lease was signed. Sympathetic businessmen and a small group of young theatrical friends began begging money for the Mermaid. If necessary, they said, it would be built a brick at a time. At first some City businessmen turned Miles down, saying that his theater would distract their employees. Miles answered with photostats of an article complaining that actors "are a very superfluous sort of men" and would be a nuisance in the City—and pointed out that it had been printed in 1580.

Finally, in October, 1957, the rubble was cleared, and by December the concrete barrel-vaulted roof began to take shape. Building was slow because work had to be halted each time money ran out. But in May, 1959, Miles was at last able to put up playbills. Instead of a safe, well-known first production, he chose *Lock Up Your Daughters,* a musical based on Henry Fielding's bawdy *Rape Upon Rape,* and scored by a young English composer whose name was known only in rock 'n' roll circles. Critics raved about the show, and even *Punch* declared the Mermaid "the most exciting playhouse in London." But with a hit on his hands, Miles still had problems.

Originally he had decided to present each new production for six weeks, two shows a night plus Saturday matinees. Such runs, he thought, would be profitable enough, especially if the restaurant and bars did well, and he would not have to adhere to the usual West End commercial formulas. However, his fellow directors begged him to allow *Lock Up Your Daughters* to continue until the last construction bills were paid off. The show might still be running, but Miles insisted on replacing it at Christmas, 1959, with a children's play, an adaptation of *Treasure Island,* with himself as Long John Silver. It was another sellout, but he withdrew it after the announced six weeks to make room for a modern-dress version of *Henry V.*

This time, critical opinion was

"A forward-reaching and thought-inducing book. Whatever controversy it incites will be constructive." *C. E. Ayres.*



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divided. Why, some of the more conservative papers asked, rewrite Shakespeare's lines? Why should the actors carry Sten guns instead of crossbows? And why should King Hal make one entry in cricket flannels? Miles remained unmoved—he doubts that the Bard would want blind worship, and the modern production attracted a young audience that might otherwise have ignored anything "classical."

THE MERMAID at Puddle Dock has already become an institution in the City of London. Businessmen not only attend each new show but also stop in for lunchtime chats with the young players. Several new plays have been commissioned, and a number of well-known actors have asked for parts, despite the Mermaid's near-minimum wages. Peter Sellers hopes to do his first serious stage role there, and Miles is also casting around for a suitable serious vehicle for Tommy Steele, England's most popular teen-age idol. One of the trust's unpaid directors, a retired City executive, has become so engrossed in his behind-the-scenes work at the Mermaid that he has taken up residence on the Thames sailing barge moored there.

Busloads of suburbanites, the strongest supporters of the London theater, now come to Puddle Dock, and so do many younger people who would otherwise choose cinemas on Saturday nights. Extra pennies are also earned by lunchtime art-film shows, but, like the Sunday-afternoon record concerts presented over the Mermaid's stereo system, these performances are intended mainly to draw City workers' attention to the theater's presence.

The way ahead is not entirely clear, but Miles is too busy filming television commercials for the British Egg Marketing Board and doing other money-making jobs to worry. His *Lock Up Your Daughters* had a trial run in Boston, but staging and censorship problems made its transfer to Broadway unfeasible. *Treasure Island* is due in Toronto this winter and, if successful there, may transfer to the New York City Center in the spring.

Meanwhile, Bernard Miles is surely the happiest of all the "poor players of London."

Best, Bester, Bestest

JACK MAGARRELL

AN AUTHORITATIVE child psychologist I know—she is eight and a half years old—has just provided a clinical demonstration of what is going on in our public schools and public affairs. Judging a recreation-room talent contest in which four neighborhood children were entered, my third-grade psychologist announced the following results to the contestants: "Lisa is the winner. Mindy is a very good second. Karen is a very, very good third. And Ginny is a very, very, very good fourth."

It is amazing how quickly the rest of the country has caught up with the third grade. Whether the current fathers of our country are being educated by their grandchildren or are slipping into elementary classrooms for postgraduate seminars in social engineering, the third-grade technique has won wide recognition. For prominent instance, we are assured by the highest authorities that while Russia may be first in intercontinental missiles, the United States certainly is a very excellent second. This is varied occasionally with citations for being a very sophisticated second or a very diversified second.

My liaison with the third grade has brought me abreast of new developments that promise to surpass even the smooth-working theory of the excellent second. The old belief that best is better than second best has, by some flaw of sentimentality or traditionalism, hung on. The pursuit of complete adjustment has surmounted this chance of frustration with the innovation of multiple bests. Simply, this means having enough bests to go around.

While one child is best at arithmetic and another at reading, the modern third-grade classroom also has its best eraser duster, best attendance taker, best plant waterer, best goldfish feeder, and so on, through thirty-seven bests for thirty-seven pupils.

Essential to the multiple-best theorem is the equality-of-bests corollary. The best speller in the class occupies a status niche no higher than that of the best pencil sharpener or best milk-money collector. A child who falls flat in subtraction clings proudly to his prowess in thumb-tacking things to the class bulletin board. No wonder our school does not issue report cards. The teacher can tell you at a conference that Johnny has shifted his major from erasers to goldfish, but would she put it in writing?

THE HIGH-SCHOOL brothers and sisters of our third-graders are learning that proficiency in typing is just as important as a knowledge of history; probably more important, since no recent graduate has obtained a job as a historian.

These children and the elders they tutor are building up a convincing case to the effect that being first in production of outboard motors is no less important than being first in medical care. If our national goal is increased productivity, the manufacturers of jeweled beer-can openers must redouble their efforts.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle 12

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
196 60 216 114 42 32 136 130 78 186
Fragrant resin or wood of the Agalloch. (5,5)

B
26 104 76 210 2 48 66 124 14 94 176 212
38 142
Showplace of The Common Glory. (4,3,7)

C
188 72 102 202 12 214 90 206 222 24
Ethelred II has been so described. (7,3)

D
156 170 174 204
Candlefish.

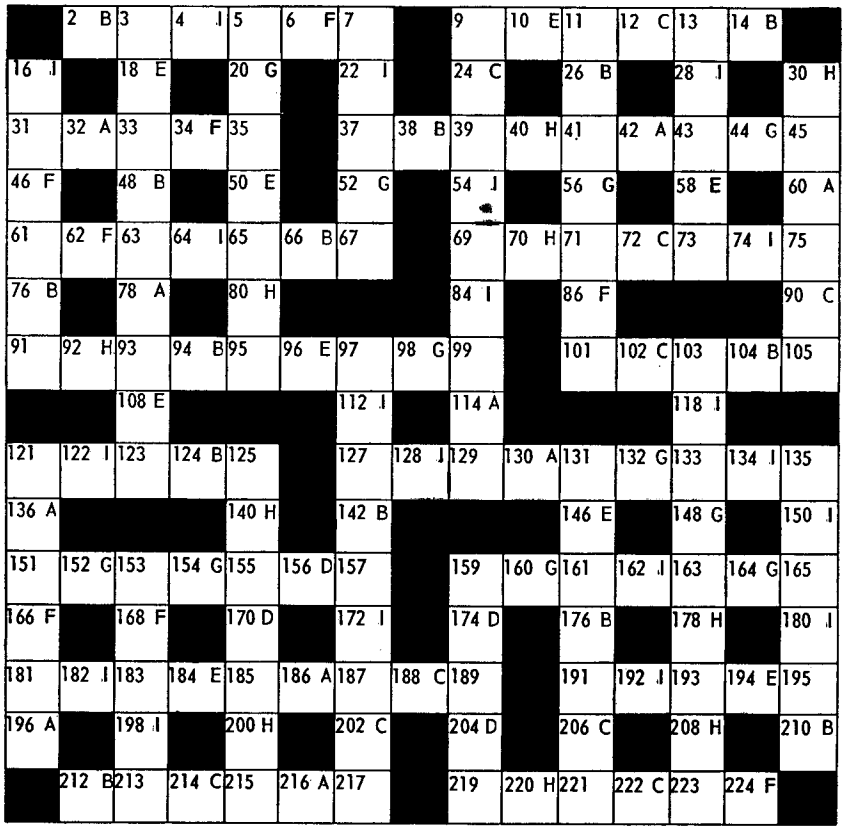
E
108 146 50 96 58 10 194 18 184
A cross piece attached to the end of a rope to prevent slipping. (6,3)

F
6 46 224 168 34 166 62 86
A good spirit.

G
160 154 52 148 44 56 132 152 20 164 98
Sleight of hand.

H
178 140 30 80 200 208 40 220 70 92
Over-riding aim of NLRB (5,5)

I
128 112 162 122 28 22 180 134 198 54 16
150 74 172 4 192 182 84 118 64
"When all night long, a chap remains/On sentry-go, to chase monotony,/He_____" (9,2,3,6) W. S. Gilbert, Iolanthe, Act II.



Across

2. Strolled about and blamed.
9. Fix the spuds again for her Sam.
31. Eland burdened?
37. Why reporter? Stock.
61. Not sure of haircut.
69. Oxide of the element whose symbol is Sc. and First Class.
91. Get tender with cleaner.
101. Thrice postscripted for journeys.
121. Hemingway heroine retired with T. B.
127. Measures miles walked by Peter Dome.
151. Sin with me twice--that's very big!
159. The land of the Acrostician where gale and air abound.
181. Title for a book of poems or spur an ass to the source of inspiration.
191. Walter of the Indians with soft odor.
212. Spread to dry from indundated dedans.
219. D'Arnee merited.

Down

3. Shop girl in Paris is timed at nite.
5. Lethargy comes from rug on loan.
7. Ridge breaks lamentation.
9. Prose tied and put in a safe place.
11. Sarcastic Dan held in French death.
13. Find fault with colds.
16. Dreadful task but not as dark when grooved.
30. I hear the wise swab side roads.
97. Said or sent by fast mail.
103. Intrude with a leper on it.
121. Zeppelins sag in a degree.
125. Dark tan stein.
131. Seaport of Morroco is a good arm.
135. No rash garment like a cassock.
153. Does dialect title for General Lee not smear at all?
159. Found in the midst of Paisley Church and Cathedral.

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RECORD NOTES

OUT OF THE GHETTO. Leon Lishner, bass; Lazar Weiner, piano. (*Vanguard, $4.98.*)

Beginning in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a vigorous American-Jewish literature and theater were developed during the decades of mass migrations from Eastern Europe. Despite brave and stubborn survivors, the Jewish theater is fading quickly; and contemporary American-Jewish literature is more accurately represented by Philip Roth (*Goodbye, Columbus*) than by the few elders still writing in Yiddish. American-Jewish music is also disappearing unless one includes the rather attenuated new settings for services at Reform and Conservative temples.

Accordingly, this collection of "Songs of the Jews in America" has nostalgic as well as intrinsic attraction. There are insights for social historians and good, yearning tunes for anyone. Much of the material consists of poems set to music, but the poems were not riddles in aesthetics sold in small editions. They were as familiar in many Jewish households as the daily life they described. There are memories of Czarist oppression in the old country and contemporary complaints of employer oppression:

"Seek me not where myrtles bloom!
You will not find me there, my love.
Where life withers at the machines,
There you'll find my resting place."

It's not all grim. There is a Sholem Aleichem lullaby, an infectiously joyful Chassidic tune, and even a Yiddish variant on "Mr. Froggy Went A-Courting," which has, however, a sternly unwhimsical ending as the frog is added to the stork's larder. The sweatshop songs still sound with anguish, particularly Morris Rosenfeld's "My Little Lad," at one time the most popular of all American-Jewish songs. The weary protagonist rises so early to get to work and comes home so late that "strange to me is the look of my own child."

Leon Lishner, who has appeared in several NBC-TV opera productions, sounds vehemently determined in the songs that presage the coming of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and is equally convincing in the range of other moods included. There are complete texts and translations and excellent historical notes by Ruth Rubin.

MOUNTAIN MUSIC OF KENTUCKY. (*Folkways, $5.95.*)

Despite those relentless homogenizers—radio, records, and TV—some rebelliously regional styles of music remain. John Cohen, a remarkable New York photographer and a member of the New Lost City Ramblers (a revivalist folk-music group), has documented here the musical mores of a section of the Eastern Kentucky hills. The performers are among those vanishing Americans, non-professionals who entertain themselves. The group includes a farmer, a coal miner, a housewife, a banker, and a politician.

Cohen opens with unaccompanied Baptist church singing, which sustains a venerable American institution—a lead singer "lining out" the verses to the congregation, which responds in raggedly vibrant unison. For some reason, there are no sound tracks of the fiercely abandoned music of the "Holiness" congregations. The rest was recorded in kitchens and living rooms and on front porches.

There are clangingly expert banjo picking, sizzling fiddle playing, mountain blues, tales of past contests with the bottle, and union songs such as "Death of the Blue Eagle" ("But if you're undecided, boys, and don't know what to do/ Just think how much a day you got in 1932"). A sixty-eight-year-old state legislator sings a social gospel ("We have a Father up in heaven, some day will call the aged home/ And when they meet there up in heaven, there'll be no lien against them all"). But there is little solace in these songs, as in the bitter daydream of the mountain wife's "I Wish I Were a Single Girl Again" and "Young and Tender Ladies."

In addition to his extensive record notes, Cohen has included a portfolio of photographs, some of which are on a par with those of Walker Evans in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.*

MINGUS DYNASTY: CHARLES MINGUS AND HIS JAZZ GROUPS. (*Columbia, $3.98.*)

Charles Mingus is becoming the most indomitably original and emotionally penetrating of contemporary jazz composers. He is also a bassist of staggering virtuosity. As a composer, his clearest influences are the gospel music of his childhood, the tart lyricism and harmonies of Duke Ellington, and the blazing, blues-based power of the key modern jazz innovator, the late Charlie Parker.

There is no shop steward in a Mingus unit. He insists that his men relate completely to the composition, even in their most self-expressive improvisations; and he will scold them if they fail, as he does here in his uniquely candid liner notes. Mingus can compose with rare depth of lyrical feeling (as in "Diane"), with sardonic anger ("Gunslinging Bird"), and brooding promise of future revolt ("Put Me in That Dungeon"). The intensity of his works is not unlike that of the Yiddish sweatshop songs and the raw Kentucky mountain musical ruminations. I also recommend his occasionally demonic *Blues and Roots* (Atlantic).

DUKE ELLINGTON: BLUES IN ORBIT. (*Columbia, $3.98.*)

The perennial vigor of Duke Ellington's own roots in the blues is freshly re-emphasized in this set of unpretentious pieces, immediately identified by the distinctively variegated Ellington sound. By contrast, many jazz writers appear to work with a limited or at least blurred palette. There are also the leader's own pungent, rhythmically prodding piano and such vintage stalwarts of the Ellington pantheon as Johnny Hodges, an alto saxophonist of uncommonly graceful phrasing and serene tone; the ruggedly unsentimental baritone saxophonist Harry Carney; and the wry, skeptical trumpeter Ray Nance. Mr. Ellington, now past sixty, refuses to disband and relax on his ASCAP income. "I have to have a band," he has explained patiently. "If I couldn't hear at night what I'd written during the day, I'd lose much of my reason for living." He is one major American composer who does not want for performances. —NAT HENTOFF

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Home Thoughts from England

SANTHA RAMA RAU

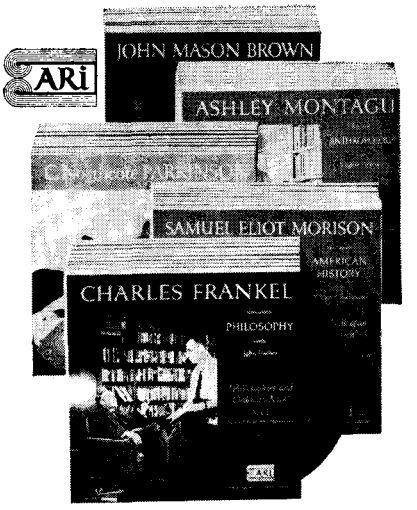
A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND, by Nirad Chaudhuri. *St. Martin's Press. $3.75.*

Occasionally, at rare intervals in history, it has happened that the intellectuals of a whole nation are educated in an entirely foreign language and tradition. This was true, I suppose, in medieval England when the medium of instruction was Latin. Most dramatically and most recently it has been true of colonial Asia. In India during the struggle for independence, even while "If every Indian spits once we can drown the British" was a popular crack, India's future leaders and intellectuals were still learning a love of English literature and English civilization in their schools and colleges.

I can remember at an Indian kindergarten learning that "A" is for "apple," and wondering vaguely what on earth an apple was. The fruits I knew were mangoes, pomegranates, papayas, guavas. My mother, a generation earlier, was equally puzzled by Wordsworth's famous daffodils and for some time really thought that these flowers were made of gold—it said so in the poem. From my childhood I recall alternately the sound of my grandmother (who never went to school at all) reciting the Bhagvat-gita, and of my mother reciting long passages from Shakespeare. I was sent to school in England itself very early, already able to talk, read, write, and study in English. But my mother, with all her love of English literature and all her familiarity with English history, saw the country of its origin for the first time when she was thirty-six. She took me to stand on Westminster Bridge and recited, "Earth has not anything to show more fair:/Dull would he be of soul who could pass by/A sight so touching in its majesty," and both of us were astonished that compared with Indian rivers the famous Thames was so small.

MR. CHAUDHURI records in far more detail a similar experience, the curious result of a literary and artistic familiarity with a foreign milieu—the utterly strange seen with a profoundly prepared vision. Mr. Chaudhuri, born and bred in India, educated by Indians to a knowledge and appreciation of English culture, went to England for the first time at the age of fifty-seven at the invitation of the BBC. He gave some talks on the radio, traveled widely and met some English men and women. It took him five years to digest the experiences of the five weeks he spent in England, and his account of his trip abroad has turned out to be in the nature of a love letter. Rather than the tag that Mr. Chaudhuri's publishers have seen fit to attach to his title—"O East is East and West is West . . ."—perhaps a more appropriate one would be "I did but see her passing by,/And yet I love her till I die."

It is one of the odd ironies of history that years of domination should



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have prepared us, at last, for deep understanding and affection. Of course, we were lucky to have England. The English tradition *is* a great one, English literature *is* probably the most splendid in the world, the countryside is beautiful, the people (in their own country) civilized, and English institutions have left their imprint on a far greater area than their colonies encompassed. One thinks with commiseration of the Indonesians who were educated in Dutch.

But there is no escaping one's own world and background, and it is in its illumination of this fact that Mr. Chaudhuri's book becomes genuinely revealing. Impressions-of-a-foreign-country-after-a-brief-visit are a dime a dozen, but the quality that raises one such book above others resides in the personality and equipment of the writer. To quote Charles Rolo, it isn't so much that travel broadens the mind as that the mind broadens travel. It is what we learn about Mr. Chaudhuri, his mind and his tastes, that makes his a special book.

Yes, he saw some of the famous country houses of England; yes, he visited many of the London sights; yes, he went to market towns, cathedral towns, university towns, and his descriptions of them are both penetrating and graceful. But it is his constant (often unconscious) solidity in his Indian background that gives his impressions an extra dimension. Are the English reserved? Yes, but that is only a cliché. Mr. Chaudhuri, like any Indian in London, wants to paraphrase Pascal and cry out, "The eternal silence of these infinite crowds frightens me." Riding in a London bus or subway, an Indian instantly remembers the public transport of his own country, where people "lean against one another or put their arms around a fellow-passenger. Nobody is so ill-natured as to mind being used as a cushion, and if anyone with a wholly alien notion of private ownership in respect of his body objects, he is asked in offended tones, 'What harm is there in it, you are not a woman?' "

Or, in seeing England's exquisitely tamed rivers and waterways, the Indian cannot help recalling his own wild rivers that become "broad and rushing channels of flood, often very destructive" during the monsoons of high summer, and "in the cold season, under a blue-grey sky, they look like a chain of lagoons in a desolate landscape of sandbanks." Indian rivers, unlike the Thames, "have no truck with man. They flow past the biggest cities in northern India without so much as a nod of recognition on either side."

IT IS SCARCELY any wonder that even after years of reading and thought and study, the Indian in England should be continually amazed. We have learned about the art treasures, the theater, the manners, the food, the weather, but there is no substitute for experience and one's own orientation is very strong. Mr. Chaudhuri couldn't find, for instance, one distinction that is basic and immediate to any Indian eye in its own surroundings. He kept asking himself, as he looked around this familiar strange country, "Where are the people?" "I was missing," he explains, "the populace,

the commonalty, the masses, or, if I may use a military term, the other ranks as distinct from the classes." In India there is no mistaking it—the dress alone, if not the speech and attitude, will tell you. In England, until you are really at home there, you must guess. The shabby woman in tweeds working in the garden may be a duchess. The snazzily dressed girl with painted fingernails and her hair in an Italian cut may be a chambermaid. You return to the inescapable fact that after all you are Indian, not English.

In the process of this discovery, most Indians of Mr. Chaudhuri's generation are aware of a weird form of schizophrenia. They know, possibly, the paintings of Constable and Gainsborough better than their own artistic heritage. They have studied photographs and plans of celebrated monuments and buildings. They have heard, like Mr. Chaudhuri, a good deal of western classical music on records, and perhaps, with him, can quote Tovey on the subject of Beethoven's Second Symphony: "to many a musical child, or child in musical matters, this movement has brought about the first awakening to a sense of beauty in music." They might even be able to add, as the author does, "This was literally true of the child in Western music that I was in my early thirties." But all this is very different from *living* in a place, from knowing it and its ways at first hand rather than at second hand. The result is that such an Indian is apt to be plagued by a sense of unreality in England—the difference in perspective between an event that he has dreamed and one that is actually happening. And then the tiresome question of who he is—the man made from books and hearsay, or the man of reality?

I REMEMBER once being told by a teacher in a school for the blind about the elaborate preparation she had given her class for their first trip to the country. They would be going to a farm and coming into contact for the first time with sheep, cows, horses. She offered her class wooden models of each animal so that they could get an idea of their general shape and build. The reality, of course, was quite a shock—the size, texture, smell, sound, atmosphere were entirely different from the graspable classroom model. And this, in a way, is what happens to English-educated Indians on their first trip abroad to Europe.

Mr. Chaudhuri's book, then, is both a voyage of discovery and of self-exploration—even of homecoming. The presence of India in his bones haunts him in England in the same way that his literary knowledge of England accompanies him every day in his Indian life. His double vision leads him to write an odd sort of travel book, partly naïve, partly sophisticated, knowing and yet innocent, searching but not profound, amusing and still sentimental, descriptive as much of his own country and tradition as of his western excursion. It is almost a planned error that his publishers should have headed the back of the book jacket "Praise for Passage to India by Nirad Chaudhuri" and then quoted extracts from excellent reviews in the English press on *A Passage to England*.

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Footnotes to Wonderland

J. G. BRENNAN

THE ANNOTATED ALICE. ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND & THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, by Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by John Tenniel, with an introduction and notes by Martin Gardner. *Clarkson N. Potter, New York. $10.*

Mr. Gardner, who supplies the commentary to this attractive book, is puzzle editor of *Scientific American* and the author of a book on logic machines. This gives him a certain advantage over professional Alice lovers who scamper through the world of belles-lettres. He is no Alexander Woollcott nor even a W. H. Auden. There is no mention of the British Expeditionary Force captain in *Journey's End* conning his Alice before going over the top, or anything about Mrs. Miniver shouting *her* Alice above the crash of the Battle of Britain. Gardner goes in for sterner stuff—the rabbit hole and the Coriolis force, Alice's mushroom growth and the expanding universe, Humpty Dumpty's logical empiricism, the Berkeleyan phenomenalism of the Red King. It must be admitted ("*What* must be admitted?" the Duck would ask) that a few of the notes range from the elementary to the superfluous. We don't really need to be told that "fender" means "a low metal frame or screen between the hearthrug and an open fireplace," or that "A cat may look at a king" is a familiar proverb meaning that there are things an inferior may do in the presence of a superior. Is it true that only a few Americans could *possibly* guess that the Duchess's maxim "Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves" is "an extremely ingenious switch" on the British proverb "Take care of the pence, etc."? And surely all Peter Rabbit fans are already perfectly well aware that "A cucumber-frame is a glass frame that provides heat for growing cucumbers by trapping solar radiation." ("Warm sunlight," says Beatrix Potter, referring to the one in Mr. McGregor's garden.)

On the other hand, there are a few stretches of white margin where one might expect a gloss or two that Mr. Gardner leaves blank. Shouldn't we have a modest psychological note on Alice's incipient schizophrenia ("For this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people")? Wouldn't the long passage "O Mouse" in *Alice* be enhanced by an erudite comment in the vein of Gilbert Highet on the peculiarities of the vocative case in Latin? Why not a note on Carroll's frequent reliance on improper logical conversion or his favorite device of confusing formal and material supposition in order to get an effect?

The notes on *Through the Looking Glass* are the better of the two sets. The logico-semantic and mathematical material is more accessible in the sequel to the *Adventures in Wonderland,* and Mr. Gardner is perfectly at his ease with this material. Really splendid is the way he ties in each stage of Alice's adventures on the other side of the mirror with the corresponding moves in the chess game Carroll had before his eyes as he wrote. Here the marginal notes transcend humorous commentary or logic-book gloss to heighten the feverish drive of the chess fantasy, the power of the climax *stretto*—Alice's brilliant capture of the Red Queen to win the game and to break through to waking life once more.

CLOSING this handsome book, one cannot help wondering all over again about Carroll-Dodgson. He was a special man, one of those things "counter, original, spare, strange," that Gerard Manley Hopkins praised God for. Close to the abyss, this mathematical Don would rather teach logic to schoolgirls than tutor university students in geometry—a man with a stammer, wild shyness, religious scruples, and little-girl friends whose kisses he craved. But from this equivocal source came the stories in which the world to this day finds the purest reflection of the sunny innocent joys of childhood.

WARNING

to freedom-loving nations . . .

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Acrostician—

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Minor Demons, Demigods

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT: A COLLECTION OF WEIRD TALES, by Count Jan Potocki. Preface by Roger Caillois. Translated from the French by Elisabeth Abbott. *Orion*. $5.

The Potocki family of Poland is a distinguished one. There was a fifteenth-century Potocki warrior; a later Potocki, a warrior too and a rich one, maintained a private army of ten thousand men, with a hundred cannon in position around his castle near Warsaw in case some other Polish noble also in possession of a private army sought to attack him. During one of the brief periods in which private Polish armies united to support a Polish king, a Potocki was minister of foreign affairs. Unhappily such periods of unity always attract Russian invasion: that Potocki spent fifteen years in a Russian jail.

The Potocki (1761-1815) who wrote this odd and pleasing book was an archaeologist and ethnologist. At least that is what his contemporaries took him to be, and they had reason. He wrote, always in French, on such specialized subjects as Slavic antiquities in Lower Saxony; he published a no doubt illuminating volume on the early history of Russia "with a complete exposition of all the local, national, and traditional ideas necessary to an understanding of the Fourth Book of Herodotus"; he presented eighteenth-century cultivated Europe with an essay on the principles of chronology for "the ages anterior to the Olympiads." There was, however, another side to him that he may have considered frivolous and that, as a savant, he thought wise to conceal (even today a Sorbonne historian, straying from his specialty and footnotes to write essays on music, will sign with a pen name)—Count Jan Potocki was a romantic.

He went up in a balloon with the French aeronaut Blanchard. He visited Constantinople and North Africa. He tried to go to China. He traveled all over Europe and, like other northerners, when he reached southern Spain he was at once sensitive to the extraordinary confluence of the great Mediterranean streams of civilization: the Hebrew, the Greek, the Moslem, the Christian. As a historian he knew that Moorish and Jewish scholars had brought mathematics, philosophy, and astronomy to Spain and through Spain to the Christian Middle Ages. As a scholar it was clearly time for him to go with his notebooks to the libraries. He went, but his temperament surprised him into reading the wrong books. Suddenly this lucid eighteenth-century mind plunged into the cabalists; instead of Averroës he read Zoroaster and the Book of Sefiroth; instead of adding another volume to those with which he was already cumbering the dusty shelves of scientific institutions, he

summoned up succubi, minor and major demons, and wrote this collection of supernatural tales. In 1805, he had one hundred copies of *The Saragossa Manuscript* printed in St. Petersburg. The book was seen by too few contemporaries to harm his reputation; one hundred and fifty-five years after its publication it is now—in a remarkably fine translation—providing him with a new one.

THEIR NAMES are Emina and Zibeddé; they are sisters, and beautiful, and for occult reasons having to do with the preservation of their immortality, they insist upon obtaining the narrator's love. They show a marked aversion to the fact that he carries a fragment of the true Cross in a locket that his mother has made him promise always to wear round his neck. They are not totally discouraged, however. "Both my sister and I were born with an unusual capacity for tenderness," they explain, and soon Alfonso is asleep yet conscious that "the form I held in my arms was not a dream. I was lost on the crest of the maddest illusions, but I was always with my beautiful cousins. I fell asleep on their breasts. I awoke in their arms. I do not know how many times I enjoyed those sweet alternatives." It was a dream all the same. When he actually awoke he was lying under the gallows called Los Hermanos, between the corpses of two hanged bandits, prostrate on "a conglomeration of rope, broken wheels, remains of human carcasses, and the ghastly rags that had rotted and dropped from their bodies."

Alfonso proceeds on his travels, and whoever he meets at once tells him a story. They are many and excellent, about caverns, bandits, and ghosts, connected vaguely with the insatiable need of lovely lost spirits to welcome the narrator into their company. The most successful of these stories, a strangely poetic and moving one, is that of Rebecca, an apprentice sorceress, a cabalist, who after playing with minor demons lets matters get out of control. She is loved by no lesser personages than the Gemini. She sees the twins, Castor and Pollux, in her mirror: "Each had four wings, two of which lay on their shoulders and two others crossed round their waists. . . . The flame that shone in their eyes almost consumed me." At night she observes them through her telescope, "following my lovers until their setting. I imagined I could still see them, though they were already below the horizon. At last, when the tail of Cancer disappeared from sight, I retired to cry myself to sleep."

To meet them she had faced great perils: "The grass withered under my feet as I passed, the air was filled with a burning mist and birds died in mid-flight." Then the precarious cabalistic balance that might have permitted the gods once again to love a mortal is destroyed by demons, and this time it is Rebecca ("Alfonso, can you picture a sixteen-year-old girl, who had never been away from home, in that situation!") who finds herself between the rotting corpses.

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The Life of the Party

THEODORE DRAPER

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION, by Leonard Schapiro. *Random House. $7.50.*

Once in a while, a single book does the work of a shelf or even a bookcaseful of books on the same subject. Such a book is Leonard Schapiro's long-awaited history of the Soviet Communist Party. In recent years, to be sure, there has been no dearth of valuable studies on various aspects of Russian Communism. In fact, the productivity of several Russian institutes and the prolific output of some independent scholars have created one more field dominated by specialists. After a decade of feverish activity, however, the time had obviously come for a major work of synthesis. But Mr. Schapiro has not been content merely to rewrite other people's researches. His book is based on an exhaustive investigation of original sources as well as new material made available to him by the Research Program on the History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union at Columbia University, his sponsoring agency.

Mr. Schapiro is a relatively recent arrival in the ranks of "Sovietologists." Born in Glasgow, he spent his childhood in Russia but was educated in London and for many years practiced law in England. He gave up his legal career in favor of teaching five years ago, and now serves as Reader in Russian Government and Politics at the University of London. His previous book, *The Origin of the Communist Autocracy,* which appeared in 1956, brought him to the attention of American scholars who quickly recognized it as a work of unusual distinction. With this massive volume, an achievement of far greater magnitude, he takes his place among the world's foremost authorities on the Soviet Union.

HISTORY haunts the Communist movement because it has never been able to face its own past. The Soviet party issued a number of official histories in the 1920's and 1930's; one after another was assailed and suppressed as the line changed and the purge progressed. Then, in 1938, Stalin imposed his own official mythology; it was denounced and superseded by a Khrushchevian mythology after his death. Whatever is uncertain about Khrushchev's successor, we may be sure that he will find fault with Khrushchev's version of the Soviet party's history and rewrite it to suit his fancy.

Elsewhere in the Communist world until recently, party history was considered forbidden territory. In Europe, only one such effort was made in England in the 1930's, but it caused so much dispute within the British party that it was soon repudiated and never replaced. In the United States, William Z. Foster was unlucky enough to publish an official history in 1952, the year before Stalin's death, and his book is more like the old than the new Soviet order in its outrageous and sometimes ludicrous falsifications. Meanwhile, western students began to fill the vacuum, and their increasing interest in Communist Parties apparently became a threat that could not go unchallenged. After the denunciation of Stalin's Soviet history in 1956, word went out to all Communist Parties to get busy on their own official histories. At least five international conferences of Communist historians have been held to co-ordinate this unprecedented activity, and the Communist Parties from Paris to Peking have been grinding out multivolumed official histories, largely cast from the latest Soviet model.

Only one subject—the Comintern of 1919-1943—still seems too hot for the Communists to handle. Unfortunately, western students have been slow in seizing the opportunity to make a major contribution in an area that offers the greatest possibility for the most complete understanding of world Communism. The only book worth reading on the subject, by the late Franz Borkenau, was published twenty-one years ago and is out of print. It covered less than

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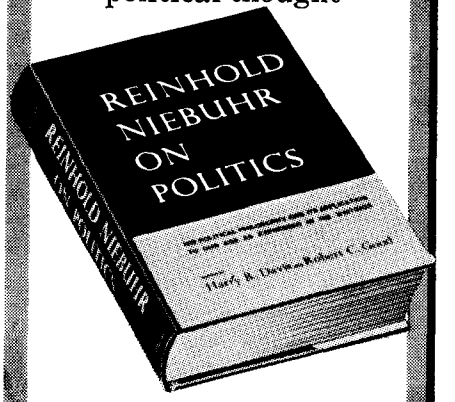

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half the period, and is a path-breaking but inadequate treatment.

Mr. Schapiro's survey of the Soviet party starts with the revolutionary forerunners in the nineteenth century and ends with an epilogue on the years since Stalin's death. Unlike other writers on the same general subject, Mr. Schapiro plays no favorites among the Soviet leaders. But if he makes no apologies for Lenin, he is still capable of giving him his due: "Lenin, who yielded to no one in the methods which he was prepared to use to achieve his ends, himself always retained some sparks of idealism in the process. He had a natural asceticism of character which power did not corrupt, and could do evil without losing sight of the ultimate good in which he believed. Like most idealists, he expected the same of his followers." He writes of Stalin with the same cool detachment: "Stalin felt no such scruples and recognized no self-imposed limits to what he was prepared to risk in order to achieve his plan of transforming the country on his own model; nor did he hesitate as to the amount of suffering which he was ready to inflict on the population. If he is to be condemned for his inhumanity, he must . . . be given credit for his courage."

For somewhat more than half the book—until Stalin eliminated his last rival for power in 1929—Mr. Schapiro rests his case on solid ground. Once he gets into the 1930's, however, his treatment unavoidably becomes more conjectural. In the later period, he makes most effective use of the more recent revelations by Khrushchev and other Soviet sources on the full extent of the purges by reading back into the past their full significance. This technique enables him to determine that there was considerable opposition to Stalin in the highest Soviet circles in 1930-1936. Much that was formerly obscure gains enormously in clarity and meaning.

Mr. Schapiro also helps to put Stalinism in perspective in terms of the Soviet party. Lenin had stood out above the party but he had governed through the party. Under Stalin, the will of the party gave way to the whim of one man. In 1941, for the first time in Soviet history, the head of the party also became the head of the government. From then on, Stalin governed through the party and the government interchangeably, and finally he carried out his personal decisions through *hommes de confiance* responsible to him alone. Even members of the supposedly all-powerful Politburo attended its meetings only at his pleasure.

MR. SCHAPIRO believes that Khrushchev has restored the old balance in favor of the party. He interprets the rivalry between Khrushchev and Malenkov as in large part a conflict between the party apparatus and the government machine, in which the former came out on top. Indeed, Mr. Schapiro goes so far as to say that in the five years following Stalin's death, Khrushchev "had created the most solidly based form of bureaucratic party rule that had ever existed in the history of the country." If this may be accepted as the true interpretation of Khrushchev's "reforms," it performs the service of making us conscious of the important differences between Stalin's Russia and Khrushchev's Russia as well as the far more crucial differences between Khrushchev's Russia and an even incipiently democratic Russia.

One cannot stand off, as Mr. Schapiro does, and view Stalin's rise to power as a total process without being struck by a degree of similarity to the first phase of Khrushchev's rise. Stalin, too, was once regarded as a "moderate" to be infinitely preferred by the West to a revolutionary extremist like Trotsky. Stalin also won control of the party by making himself an exponent of "collective leadership." Stalin likewise seemed to favor the well-being of the people against those who demanded more extreme economic measures. But these early manifestations of Stalinism were not integral to his rule; they proved to be calculated maneuvers in his struggle for power which, once achieved, enabled him to take over the policies of his opponents and carry them out with impunity. Not the least of the value of Mr. Schapiro's work is that it may be read not merely as a reconstruction of the past but also as a caution in interpreting the present.

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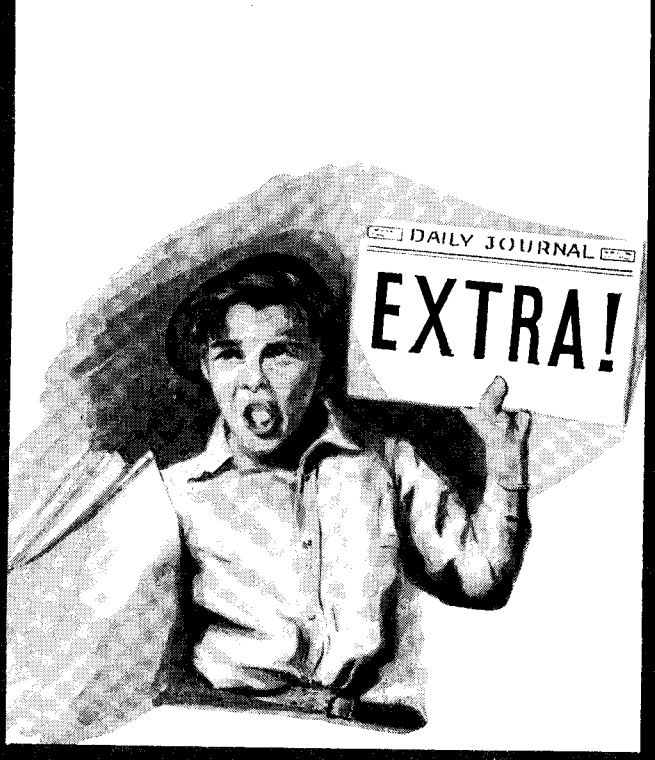

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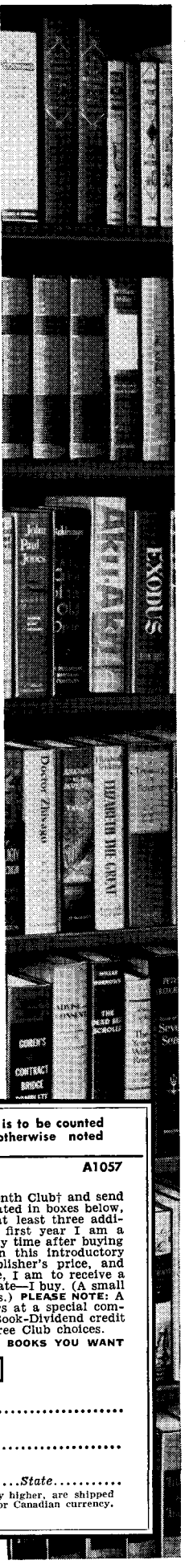

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